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GOVERNOR SIGNS BILL FOR MERGING PRISONS

Will Consolidate Penitentiaries in Centre County.

FRANCIES TALKS OUT

Warden Says Revenue from Sale of Two Old Prisons in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh will Pay Cost of New Buildings Here.

Governor Brumbaugh on Monday approved the bill providing for the modification of the plans of the new Western Penitentiary in Centre County, so as to provide accommodation for the inmates of the Eastern Penitentiary along with those of the Western Penitentiary, and for the consolidation of the two institutions into one to be known as the State Penitentiary of Pennsylvania.

Upon the completion of the enlarged and modified buildings the inmates of both present institutions shall be transferred to the new penitentiary, which completion shall be announced by proclamation by the Governor. The joint boards of inspectors shall manage the institution until such regulations as are consistent with law shall be established.

With the announcement of the approval of the bill by the Governor there was issued a statement by John Francies, warden of the Western Penitentiary, at present superintending the construction of the new penitentiary in Centre County showing the benefits to be derived from consolidation. The State owns 5,254 acres of fine land in Centre County and on it are found practically all of the building material needed for the construction of the building. The water supply is ample, and the ground is of such a character as to be applicable for farming and fruit raising. The revenue from the sale of the old penitentiaries, he says, will be very large and will produce a fund far in excess of the money necessary to build the one penitentiary. In conclusion he says that "if the combining of the penitentiaries is ever to be carried out, it is of the utmost importance that we now have the legislation provided in this bill."

The statement is in part as follows:

"This bill is a step in the carrying out of a comprehensive plan, based on humane and economic principles, for the mental, moral and physical betterment of the Commonwealth's criminals. It contemplates a saving to the taxpayers of the sixty-seven counties of the State of upwards of one-third of a million dollars annually, now levied upon them for maintaining the inmates of the present eastern and western penitentiaries. Even with the most efficient and humane management, it has been impossible to make enlightened provision for the prisoners in the old penitentiaries in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. Room was lacking and to secure this in such congested surroundings, where land is held at prohibitive prices, was out of the question. The merging of the two old penitentiaries into a great central institution in the center of the Commonwealth, in surroundings such as there exist, will make it possible to preserve the moral and physical health of the inmates and to maintain a prison system by which many of the men will be reclaimed and converted into useful citizens. Not even the most diligent efforts of the most high minded management are of much effect in such quarters as those to which the penitentiaries have been limited. The prisoners are crowded together in close confinement, physically contaminated by their environment and morally contaminated by one another. The present bill looks to the correction of these conditions. The great advantage to the Commonwealth will be more and more apparent as the plan is worked out. To maintain separate penitentiaries where so excellent an opportunity is presented to combine them would be a manifest error."

Concert at Petriken Hall.

Under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., Miss Claire Lyon Nicolls, of Philadelphia, will give a concert at Petriken Hall, on Thursday evening, June 24th, at eight o'clock. Miss Nicolls has studied under Madam Norberg in Paris, France, and will be assisted by the mandolin club of twelve pieces. The proceeds of the concert will be used in re-furnishing the W. C. T. U. room of the Bellefonte hospital. Admission 25c.

Children's Day services will be held in St. John's Reformed church next Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock. A service of song, flowers and recitations will be rendered.

HAD FINE SHOOT

Mountain Gun Club Tournament at Clarence was Pleasing Success.

A pleasing success was scored by the Mountain Gun Club of Clarence at the registered tournament held at that place on Friday of last week. Fred A. Godcharles, of Milton, was high amateur, smashing 128 of 150 targets. Luther J. Squier, of Pittsburgh, was high man among the professionals with a score of 135. There were about forty participants. A particularly enjoyable feature was a banquet given the visiting marksmen at the Mountain House, with J. Harris Hoy as chairman of the committee on arrangements. The score at the tournament follows:

C. H. Watson	113
David Chambers	97
G. B. Uzzell	105
L. J. Squier	135
O. F. Etters	99
F. A. Godcharles	128
G. W. Clinger	127
E. L. Housel	107
U. S. G. Peifer	103
A. H. Byers	93
W. L. Foster	112
Joe McCartney	73
F. A. Robinson	118
W. F. Leitzell	78
James Uzzell	86
J. L. Redding	86
E. M. Hogge	119
J. M. Kachik	55
W. F. Holt	113
P. L. Guelich	90
T. R. Weber	117
H. C. Quigley	120
F. McCartney	89
P. S. Kift	96
J. B. Kyler	113
R. L. Leinbach	110
A. W. Womer	113
H. N. Stevenson	101
I. D. Slagle	121
J. G. Klinger	117
W. G. Kisling	97
C. E. Logue	105
O. G. Morgan	77
C. N. Fisher	123
W. C. Gray	94
P. L. Morrison	76
Joseph Knapper	28
W. C. Snyder	16

Of the foregoing the professionals were L. J. Squier and E. M. Hogge.

Swiped Horse and Buggy.

"Crow" Brown has blossomed forth in all manner of roles and turned up in all kinds of escapades, but it remained for an unlimited quantity of bad whiskey to inspire him to loom up one day last week as a "bad man from the plains." Had the incident occurred years ago "Crow" might have been dangled at the end of a rope from a convenient tree, but as it was his feat of daring appeared so ludicrous that he escaped even so much as a thought of physical violence. "Crow" was meandering down the street in an aimless fashion when he happened to observe Mart Garman's classy gray stepper and trap standing nearby the curb. Mr. Garman was attending to some shopping. The dizzy dream of coming into possession of such a nifty turn-out was too much for the bemuddled brain of "Crow" and he proceeded to untie the nag, pick up the reins and drive off. As he drove out toward Axe Mann he was too proud to allow much haste. The opportunity to show himself off to passers-by was worth more to "Crow" than anything else, and he reveled in his glory. Needless to say Mr. Garman was somewhat astonished to discover that his horse and trap had vanished. Sheriff Lee was notified and a search was instituted. It didn't take long to pick up the scent. Just when he was delirious with joy over the furore his escapade was creating all along the pike "Crow" came to sudden grief. He hopped out of the Garman trap into the arms of the law. After some consultation it was decided to administer what to "Crow" was the severest sentence possible. "Crow" was given half an hour to get out of town and stay out. He got.

Children's Day Services.

Next Sunday the annual Children's Day will be observed in St. John's Lutheran church in Bellefonte. In the morning at 10.45 o'clock the pastor, Rev. W. M. B. Glanding, will deliver an object sermon to the children with the topic, "Only a lump of coal." In the evening at 7.30 o'clock a special service will be rendered, entitled, "Sons of Our King." The offering at this service will be devoted to the needs of the church's homes for the orphans and the aged. All are welome.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Baron Lytle, Mary Ramey,	Philipsburg Hudson Pa.
Daniel A. Stittler, Helen T. Stover,	Aaronsburg "

HOME WEEK PARADES TO BE HELD AT 10.30 A. M.

Announcement Made of Prizes to be Awarded.

HEADQUARTERS OPEN

Citizens Invited to Pay Visit and Contribute to Celebration Expense Fund—Arranging for Pine Grove Academy Reunion.

Old Home Week headquarters were opened this week in the Crider stone building on the Diamond. Nowadays, with anybody and everybody wanting to know anything about Old Home Week, it's a case of "Ask Mr. Rees." He is the man in charge of the Bureau of Information. It is up to him to answer all kinds of questions on all manner of subjects, such as places for boarding, rates, etc.

The opening of headquarters is intended to afford the public a place for securing general information and also to step in and make a contribution to the celebration expense fund. All contributors will be accorded a cordial welcome. The committee needs the money, so if you contemplate subscribing now is the time to do so.

Chairman Blanchard's Executive Committee is now engaged in shaping up the final plans for the big celebration. Everything is in fine shape in regard to plans for the elaborate schedule of free attractions. Thomas Brady, of New York, who will be in general charge of these features, will arrive in town in the next few days to personally supervise matters. Representatives of the Harrisburg decorating firm that has the contract for putting the town in gala attire for Old Home Week will be here before long and begin work.

Our Boys Band of Milesburg was in town on Monday night and enlivened things on the Diamond. The concert marked the opening note of the preliminaries for getting the big event under way on July 2d. Letters received by Centre Countians from friends far and near tell of plans to return to old home scenes and remaining here until the closing day of the celebration. Indications are that hundreds of former residents will be back, some of them for the first time in years.

The Pine Grove Academy and Seminary Reunion committee held a meeting recently at the office of W. H. Musser, in Bellefonte and organized by electing W. Miles Walker president; Dr. C. T. Aikens, vice president; Dr. J. E. Ward, treasurer, and Captain W. H. Fry, secretary. After some remarks it was on motion decided that the proposed reunion be held in Bellefonte on July 6th. The Executive Committee is composed of G. W. Rumberger, chairman; Mrs. Sue Meek, Miss Sue Dannley, D. G. Meek, A. G. Archey, A. C. Thompson, E. C. Musser, Hon. L. C. Thomas. Members of the Finance Committee are M. J. Watt, D. A. Grove, B. F. Homan, E. C. Ross, D. O. Etters, Dr. Marion Chadman and Etta Moser Irvin. A local Committee on Arrangements and Reception will be selected by the former students of Bellefonte. This committee will also act on transportation and excursion trains for the accommodation of old students coming back for the reunion. It is the desire that all former students co-operate with the committee in an effort to make the affair an enjoyable success. Among the speakers at the reunion will be D. F. Fortney, Rev. Isaac Kryder, Hon. Cyrus E. Woods, Rev. H. A. Thompson, L. L. D., Hon. L. C. Thomas, A. C. Thompson and others.

Dr. Weston left Monday morning for Philadelphia to purchase the medals and championship pennants for the athletic events on Saturday of Old Home Week.

It is very probable that Bellefonte and vicinity will be made the scenic part for some feature moving picture reels as two or three companies are interested in which the throwing down of the big furnace stacks will become a part of the films being featured in the nature of a riot scene. Other scenic points of interest in the town and country will be used and thus put Bellefonte and its many pretty and interesting spots before the country.

The fine six cylinder Mitchell car that is to be given away the last day of the Old Home Week celebration is expected this week and will be put on exhibition in front of the First National Bank right near which is the office of G. Wash Rees, the acting secretary of the committee and head of the Bureau of Information, where those who wish can contribute to the Old Home Week expense fund and thus may become the one whom this fine automobile may be given.

The times and dates for the various parades have been settled finally and are as follows:

CIVIC PARADE
Monday 10.30 A. M. July 5.

FRATERNAL
Tuesday 10.30 A. M. July 6.

INDUSTRIAL
Wednesday 10.30 A. M. July 7.

DECORATED AUTO PARADE
Tuesday 8.30 P. M. July 6.

FANTASTIC & FANCY DRESS PARADE
Wednesday 8.30 P. M. July 7.

The Civic parade will have a prize list of $255.

The Fraternal parade will be given the following prizes:

$25.00 largest number in line in any one organization.

$25.00 best uniformed organization in line.

$25.00 organization having over twenty men in line coming greatest distance.

$15.00 best band with any organization in line.

$5.00 for tallest man in line.

$5.00 for shortest man in line.

Industrial parade will be offered the following prizes.

$20.00 handsomest float.

$10.00 float carrying out best idea.

$10.00 float most original design.

$10.00 float most representative of County Industries.

For the Fantastic parade.

$10.00 for best group team idea.

$10.00 best float idea.

$5.00 best individual comic.

$5.00 best fancy dress for individual.

$1.00 will be given for the best decorated automobile in the auto parade.

The wrestling matches will take place in the rear of the Y. M. C. A. on Saturday evening at 8.30 and promise to be "some occasion." The admission to be charged will be moderate to cover the necessary expense. Being held in the open air, if it is fair weather, will make it attractive. Levi Lamb of State College will be the chief feature. Dr. Weston is trying to get Dorizas, the Greek champion of the University of Penna., to be his opponent again as the match at the College was not quite satisfactory. In any event the match will be a good one for the lovers of wrestling as they will number in the neighborhood of five a day, namely "Something Doing All The Time" in Bellefonte that week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hile of Boston, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. John Toner, of Philadelphia both old Centre County boys who have made their mark in the world, have written to engage rooms for themselves and party for Old Home Week.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Topperwein, the famous trap shooters, will give a fine exhibition of fancy shooting at the Gun Club State meet to be held on Wednesday July 7th. Seventy-five entries have already been made for the shoot and many fine prizes will be given. The Centre County championship prize will be a beautiful loving cup. The shoot begins at nine o'clock in the morning and continues all day.

17 NATURALIZED

Fourteen to Pass Final Examination are Residents of Clarence.

Judge Orvis presided over naturalization court on Tuesday morning, an unusually large number of applicants for final examination being in attendance. Seventeen men of foreign birth passed a staisfactory examination and were permitted to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Of this number fourteen were residents of Clarence, most of them being property owners. Upward of a half dozen applications for final examination were continued until the next term of naturalization court. One petition was dismissed owing to it having been filed prematurely.

The seventeen who were naturalized were the following: John Kriss, Andy Lawrence, Martin Pajonk, Andy Korkoss, John Spila, John Jendresat, George Kolosa, John Focepka, John Crecosky, Joseph Seprik, Andy Mahalik, Anthony Polzer, Andrew Belka and John Danila, all of Clarence; Vaso Georgevic, of Pleasant Gap, and John Glowatz and Martin Lookasavage, of Munson.

Kunes—Tate.

Orrie Chatman Kunes, a well known young man of Blanchard, and Miss Ida Margaret Tate, a highly esteemed and popular young lady of Flemington, were married at Lock Haven on Wednesday evening of last week, Rev. Homer C. Boblitt, pastor of the Disciple church, officiating. They will reside at Blanchard. A host of admiring friends extend congratulations and best wishes.

Laundryman John Noll has purchased a 5-passenger Studebaker and instead of worrying much about Democratic politics will devote a little leisure time now and then to pleasure trips with his family and friends.

CORN EXCEEDS WHEAT IN STATE CROP REPORT

Wheat May be 4,000,000 Bushels Below Last Year.

HAY IS NOT SO GOOD

Great Damage to Fruit Reported from Over State With Exception of Southern Section—Heavy Loss from Foot and Mouth Disease.

Pennsylvania is going to have a better corn crop than a wheat crop this year, according to information that has been received by the State Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Statistics, at Harrisburg. The reports received up to June 1 indicate that the condition of the corn crop as compared with June 1 in the last ten years is 104 per cent. This means that it is better than usual and it is estimated that the acreage given to corn was 1,521,520 against 1,312,000 acres given to wheat.

Franklin county was the first county in the State to start planting corn this year, the first grains being put in before April 30. Wayne county was the last. The northern tier did not start planting until about May 15. The corn crop reports generally are excellent.

While the wheat crop is reported as 92 per cent. of an average and one per cent. of the area sown last Fall is reported as having been plowed down, is a marked improvement over April 1, and it is believed that it will show about 15 3 bushels to the acre, which would mean approximately 20,000,000 bushels or 4,000,000 less than last year, provided weather and flies do not cause further damage. Rye is 94 per cent. as compared with average, and the acreage is 271,600, but the condition of oats is nearly up to par. Estimates are that over 32,000,000 bushels of oats will be raised.

Spring weather conditions knocked out the chances for big hay crops, although the yield may be fair in some sections.

The worst damage appears to have been done to fruit crops of various kinds. Reports received at the bureau of statistics show that apple prospects are 78 per cent.; pears, 74 per cent.; peaches, 84 per cent.; plums, 79 per cent.; apricots, 86 per cent., and cherries, only 75 per cent. of an average for ten years. The cherry season has been marked by cold weather and much rain. The strawberry prospects on June 1 were but 86 per cent of a ten-year average. As a matter of fact prospects for fruit have materially decreased since May 1 and the frosts in the latter part of that month did much harm, except in the southeastern part of the State. In the western section it damaged grain and vegetables as well as fruit to an alarming extent.

The foot and mouth disease is responsible in great measure for the decline in the number of young pigs and lambs. The quarantine and repressive measures caused heavier loss than expected. The number is 95 per cent. of a ten-year average.

Pasture conditions are not up to the average throughout the State, although some farming localities show good fields.

Pheasant Attacked Horse.

The following was telegraphed from State College Monday and was published in Philadelphia newspapers:—Clyde Bradford, of Centre Hall, near this place, who has hunted pheasants through the Seven Mountains for 20 years, today found the livest bird of that species inhabiting the brush in Centre county, he believes. Here is Bradford's story:

While he was hauling cement to the borough reservoir an enraged hen pheasant, protecting her brood of six youngsters, flew from the bushes along the mountain road and viciously attacked his horse. She alighted on the animal's head, beating vigorously with her wings.

The frightened horse bucked, reared and lunged in its fruitless efforts to dislodge the mad pheasant. Finally the bird pecked at the horse's eyes, blinding it so that the heavily-loaded wagon was backed off the road and down the mountain. Bradford leaped in time to escape injury. He said he would not try pheasant gunning from horseback next fall.

Want Horses for Camp.

Captain William H. Brown of Troop L, First Regt. Cavalry, is arranging to hire horses in Centre County for use at the forthcoming encampment. He will need sixty horses, weighing between 900 and 1150, and will hire them at $1.50 per day. He requests that persons desiring to hire horses shall communicate with him, address Bellefonte, Pa.

SUFFRAGE CONVENTION

Centre County Women Held Interesting Session Saturday Afternoon.

The second convention of the Woman's Suffrage Party of Centre County was held in the High School building, Bellefonte, last Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. It was well attended, about half the women present being out-of-town delegations.

Mrs. Elizabeth Blanchard Beach, Chairman of the Woman's Suffrage Party of Centre County, presided. The reports of the borough and township leaders were most interesting and encouraging, many of the women giving their reports extempore, and in a quiet, femine manner. Miss Florence Rhone, the daughter of Leonard Rhone, Esq., famed for his connection with the Centre County Grange, told of the favorable attitude of the Grange toward the suffrage resolution, this organization having endorsed Woman's Suffrage for ten years past.

Mrs. Gardner, Vice Chairman of the State College branch, gave assurance of the favorable attitude of the men toward the issue. Her pithy remarks and kindly sentiment expressed toward those who opposed the movement assured all present that there were no methods of force being used in Centre County. In fact it is not necessary to even consider such methods, as Miss Esther Gray from Stormstown very naively affirmed that we have all the best men with us, and that the others don't seem to count.

Miss Shipley, of Unionville, said she has been led to think of men as voters, as she is so impressed by the fact of our not being allowed to vote. Reports were heard from twelve boroughs and townships, all except three having sent delegates.

Miss MacAlarney, from Harrisburg, at the last gave many good suggestions for doing efficient work, and invoked the women to work quietly, remembering the golden quality of silence.

ANNA HARRIS HOY.

FESTIVAL AT GAP

Fire Company to Have Big Celebration in Noll's Grove on June 26th.

The Pleasant Gap Fire Company is making arrangements for holding a grand festival and old-fashioned celebration in Noll's grove on Saturday evening, June 26th. There remains a small indebtedess on the new fire house and the members of the company are hopeful that the proceeds of the festival will enable them to pay off the amount. In addition to raising a little money for a most worthy cause, the festival and celebration will afford all who attend an evening of rare enjoyment.

Some of the features being arranged are an old-fashioned cake-walk, military band concert and a contest among the young ladies of Pleasant Gap in which the prizes will be a handsome gold watch and also a gold bracelet. A big hit of the evening will be a fantastic parade. This will be a feature that alone will be well worth going to see.

It is interesting at this time to announce that the Pleasant Gap folks are arranging to participate with a fantastic parade in Bellefonte during the Old Home Week celebration. This will likely be on Monday evening, July 5th.

CALLED TO HARRISBURG

Market Street Presbyterian Church of Harrisburg Wants Dr. Hawes.

Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes, for the past five years pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, has been tendered a call by the Market Street Presbyterian church of Harrisburg, and while he has not advised friends as to his intentions it is their thought that the call is so attractive that he will likely accept.

The decision of the congregation of the Harrisburg church to invite Dr. Hawes to that city was taken at a congregational meeting held last night. Some days ago the trustees of the church met and unanimously recommended that Dr. Hawes be chosen. Before voting on the matter the several trustees visited Bellefonte in small groups and listened to sermons by the local pastor. That he likely would be extended a call to go to Harrisburg has been anticipated for some months. Just when Dr. Hawes will remove to Harrisburg, in the event that he accepts the call, has not been decided.

The Market Street Presbyterian church is one of the largest in Harrisburg. It has been without a regular pastor for quite a while.

Weather Forecast.

United States government weather forecast for the week beginning Wednesday, June 16th, for Middle Atlantic States.—Showers Wednesday and again beginning Sunday, and continuing intermittently throughout the week. Temperatures will be above the seasonal average.

President Firm in Second Note to Germany.

The American government's second note to Germany was cabled to Berlin last Thursday and in it President Wilson in dignified, firm manner demands of Germany assurance of protection to Americans from German submarines This is the note which William Jennings Bryan refused to sign, resigning as Secretary of State rather than do so. If anything, the second note is less war-like in tone than was the first and which Bryan readily signed. This fact has served to create the suspicion in some quarters that Bryan was waiting for an opportunity to quit Wilson's cabinet and used the Lusitania incident as an excuse. The American note was as follows:

The government of the United States notes with gratification the full recognition by the Imperial German government, in discussing the cases of the Cushing and the Gulflight, of the principle of the freedom of all parts of the open sea to neutral ships and the frank willingness of the Imperial German government to acknowledge and meet its liability where the fact of attack upon neutral ships 'which have not been guilty of any hostile act' by German aircraft or vessels of war is satisfactorily established; and the government of the United States will in due course lay before the Imperial German government, as it requests, full information concerning the attack on the steamer Cushing.

With regard to the sinking of the steamer Falaba, by which an American citizen lost his life, the government of the United States is surprised to find the Imperial German government contending that an effort on the part of a merchantman to escape capture and secure assistance alters the obligation of the officer seeking to make the capture in respect of the safety of the lives of those aboard the merchantman, although the vessel has ceased her attempt to escape when torpedoed.

These are not new circumstances. They have been in the minds of statesmen and of international jurists throughout the development of naval warfare, and the government of the United States does not understand that they have ever been held to alter the principles of humanity upon which it has insisted. Nothing but actual forcible resistance or continued efforts to escape by flight when ordered to stop for the purpose of visit on the part of the merchantman has ever been held to forfeit the lives of her passengers or crew. The government of the United States, however, does not understand that the Imperial German government is seeking in this case to relieve itself of liability, but only intends to set forth the circumstances which led the commander of the submarine to allow himself to be hurried into the course which he took.

Your Excellency's note, in discussing the loss of American lives resulting from the sinking of the steamship Lusitania, adverts at some length to certain information which the Imperial German government has received with regard to the character and outfit of that vessel, and Your Excellency expresses the fear that this information may not have been brought to the attention of the government of the United States.

It is stated in the note that the Lusitania was undoubtedly equipped with masked guns, supplied with trained gunners and special ammunition, transporting troops from Canada, carrying a cargo not permitted under the laws of the United States to a vessel also carrying passengers, and serving, in virtual effect, as an auxiliary to the naval forces of Great Britain. Fortunately these are matters concerning which the government of the United States is in a position to give the Imperial German government official information. Of the facts alleged in Your Excellency's note, if true, the government of the United States would have been bound to take official cognizance inperforming its recognized duty as a neutral power and in enforcing its national laws.

It was its duty to see to it that the Lusitania was not armed for offensive action, that she was not serving as a transport, that she did not carry a cargo prohibited by the statutes of the United States, and that, if in fact she was a naval vessel of Great Britain, she should not receive clearance as a merchantman; and it performed that duty and enforced its statutes with scrupulous vigilance through its regularly constituted officials. It is able, therefore, to assure the Imperial German government that it has been misinformed.

If the Imperial German government should deem itself to be in possession of convincing evidence that the officials of the government of the United States did not perform these duties with thoroughness the government of the United States sincerely hopes that it will submit evidence for consideration.

Whatever may be the contentions of the Imperial German government regarding the carriage of contraband of war on board the Lusitania or regarding the explosion of that material by the torpedo, it need only be said that in the view of this government these contentions are irrelevant to the question of the legality of the methods used by the German naval authorities in sinking the vessel.

But the sinking of passenger ships involves principles of humanity which throw into the background any special circumstances of detail that may be thought to affect the cases, principles which lift it, as the Imperial German government will no doubt be quick to recognize and acknowledge, out of the class of ordinary subjects of diplomatic discussion or international controversy.

Whatever be the other facts regarding the Lusitania, the principal fact is that a great steamer primarily and chiefly a conveyance for passengers, and carrying more than a thousand souls who had no part or lot in the conduct of the war was torpedoed and sunk without so much as a challenge or a warning, and that men, women and children were sent to their death in circumstances unparalleled in modern warfare.

The fact that more than one hundred American citizens were among those who perished made it the duty of the government of the United States to speak of these things and once more, with solemn emphasis, to call the attention of the Imperial German government to the grave responsibility which the government of the United States conceives that it has incurred in this tragic occurrence, and to the indisputable principle upon which that responsibility rests.

The government of the United States is contending for something much greater than mere rights of property or privileges of commerce. It is contending for nothing less high and sacred than the rights of humanity, which every government honors itself in respecting and which no government is justified in resigning on behalf of those under its care and authority.

Only her actual resistance to capture or refusal to stop when ordered to do so for the purpose of visit could have afforded the commander of the submarine any justification for so much as putting the lives of those on board the ship in jeopardy. This principle the government of the United States understands the explicit instructions issued August 3, 1914, by the Imperial German admiralty to its commanders at sea, to have recognized and embodied, as do the naval codes of all other nations, and upon it every traveler and seaman had a right to depend. It is upon this principle of humanity as well as upon the law founded upon this principle that the United States must stand.

The government of the United States is happy to observe that Your Excellency's note closes with the intimation that the Imperial German government is willing, now as before, to accept the good offices of the United States in an attempt to come to an understanding with the government of Great Britain by which the character and conditions of the war upon the sea may be changed. The government of the United States would consider it a privilege thus to serve its friends and the world.

It stands ready at any time to convey to either government any intimation or suggestion the other may be willing to have it convey and cordially invites the Imperial German government to make use of its services in this way at its convenience. The whole world is concerned in anything that may bring about even a partial accommodation of interests or in any way mitigate the terrors of the present distressing conflict.

In the meantime, whatever arrangement may happily be made between the parties to the war, and whatever may in the opinion of the Imperial German government have been the provocation or the circumstantial jutification for the past acts of its commanders at sea, the government of the United States confidently looks to see the justice and humanity of the government of Germany vindicated in all cases where Americans have been wronged or their rights as neutrals invaded.

The government of the United States therefore very earnestly and very solemnly renews the representations of its note transmitted to the Imperial German government on the 15th of May, and relies in these representations upon the principles of humanity, the universally recognized understandings of international law, and the ancient friendship of the German nation.

The government of the United States cannot admit that the proclamation of a war zone from which neutral ships have been warned to keep away may be made to operate as in any degree an abbreviation of the rights either of American shipmasters or of American citizens bound on lawful errands as passengers on merchant ships of belligerent nationality. It does not understand the Imperial German government to question those rights. It understands it, also, to accept as established beyond question the principle that the lives of non-combatants cannot lawfully or rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of an unresisting merchantman, and to recognize the obligation to take sufficient precaution to ascertain whether a suspected merchantman is in fact of belligerent nationality or is in fact carrying contraband of war under a neutral flag. The government of the United States therefore deems it reasonable to expect that the Imperial German government will adopt the measures necessary to put these principles into practice in respect of the safeguarding of American lives and American ships, and asks for assurances that this will be done.

ROBERT LANSING,
Secretary of State Ad Interim.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Picnic Drinking Water.

The picnic season has begun. Every alluring spot for miles around in the vicinity of the towns and cities will be the Mecca for pleasure seekers from now until the frost comes.

Almost everybody attends a picnic sometime during the season. Now that the automobile has made even the remote districts readily accessible for city dwellers, the number of urban residents who seek an occasional day's relaxation in the country, has tremendously increased.

Nobody thinks of going on a picnic without taking a generous supply of food but few people are far sighted enough to carry their drinking water. Some spring, brook, or farmer's well they feel will be sure to supply this essential. As a result of this indiscriminate dependence upon unfamiliar sources of water supply, there are hundreds of pleasure seekers who contract typhoid fever every season, says State Health Commissioner Dixon.

The period of the year when typhoid fever is always most prevalent is that at the end and immediately following the vacation season. While this is not alone the result of picnics they unquestionably play an important part in this annual toll of illness and death.

It is not a difficult matter if one is taking an auto trip to carry a supply of drinking water from a source that is known to be uncontaminated. Moderate priced vacuum bottles or other forms of containers can be secured which will keep the water cool.

If a local water supply with which one is unfamiliar must be used boiling the water for twenty minutes will make it safe. Unfortunately clear water is by no means always pure water. Many a sparkling, crystal clear, roadside spring is open to pollution and no matter how attractive the little brooklet which babbles along under the overhanging trees may appear, one must needs follow it to its source to be certain that it is free from contamination. So for safety's sake carry your drinking water in the picnic basket.

Fixes Commissioners' Salaries.

Governor Brumbaugh has announced his approval of the Myers house bill, dividing classification of counties having between 100,000 and 150,000 population, for the purpose of fixing salaries of county commissioners.

Under the terms of the act commissioners in counties having between 115,000 and 125,000 population are to be paid $2,000 and in those having between 125,000 and 150,000, to be paid $2,400. It is also provided that in counties having between 50,000 and 75,000, the commissioners are to be paid $1,200 except when they are directors of the poor, when they are to be paid $1,800.

Other bills announced as approved included that amending the township road act so that a trust company or bank may act as treasurer in place of an individual; regulating assessment and levy of taxes not later than the fourth Monday of March and allowing compensation to supervisors for semi-annual inspection of roads and bridges.

New Traction Engine Law.

The bill providing for regulation of traction engines has been approved by Governor Brumbaugh and is expected to end the causes of dissatisfaction which were heard a year ago. The bill divides traction engines into two classes, the first being machines used for agricultural, road making and hauling machinery and the second machines used for hauling freight. They must be licensed by the State Highway Department, a special class being made for manufacturers and dealers. The fees are to be $5 for first class and $20 for second class, trailers less than 10,000 pounds weight being licensed at $3 and those between 10,000 and 24,000 pounds at $5. Dealers will pay $10. Engines of the first class may not exceed 28,000 pounds in weight and of the second may not exceed 32,000 pounds. Drivers must also be licensed. The State Highway commissioner is given authority to enforce the act.

Penna. Industrial Reformatory.

The exercises connected with the exhibit of the Industrial Departments and the close of the present term of the Reformatory Schools, at Huntingdon, Pa., will be held on Thursday, June 24th at 2 and 7.30 P. M.

These occasions are open to the public and a cordial invitation extended to all who may wish to attend, to do so.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching 50c a box.

Niagara Falls

Personally-Conducted Excursions

June 18, July 9, 30 August 13, 27
September 10, 24, October 8, 1915

Round **$9.30** Trip

FROM BELLEFONTE

SPECIAL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Dining Car, and Day Coaches through the

Pictures Susquehanna Valley

Tickets good going on Special Train and connecting trains, and returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off allowed at Buffalo on return trip. Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

Pennsylvania R. R.

Read the New

Series of

Exploits of Elaine

Stories

Beginning This Week in

"The Republican"

First Series of New

ELAINE PICTURES

Next Monday Night at

The Scenic

A Few Timely Words on Gardening.

Its an old saying that every man's mind is a garden in which he plants in youth what he needs for the harvest time in later years. And the truth of it is well worth remembering. For in this sense, we all of us are planting and working continually, trimming and pruning and weeding, if we are wise, and laboring, perhaps unconsciously, to make our mental garden productive. Some return we must get from it; we all recognize that fact. For the mind is the man; and all that life brings us comes to us through the mind. Yet for many a man and woman the garden of the mind is little more than a waste, overgrown with weeds, uncultivated, a soil without richness or the power of producing any worthy harvest.

A mistake that many make is to suppose that school time is the only time for planting and cultivating the mind. We put in a few crops in the class-room. Many of us let them come up as they will, and then when we leave school and take up the business of living, we think the work is done. We imagine our gardening days are over, that there is no more planting to be done, no more weeding out of false growths, no more cultivating required. As a matter of fact this particular kind of garden work is never ended.

No one can know really too much, though many suffer from thinking that they know more than they do. No one can have too much knowledge, though time may be wasted in getting information of no immediate practical value. There is always something to learn that is worth learning. And above every other consideration, there is always room for puttingthe stamp of one's real personality upon the mind for reducing it to discipline and making it more of a pleasure to its owner and those who meet him instead of a waste place which no one cares to enter and in which the owner himself never likes to be alone. It never pays to become discouraged over this kind of garden work. Oranges are not grown in Canada, yet thousands of Americans have gone over there to take up wheat lands. There is always more than one crop to be raised. Some of the things you have planted in your mind may never grow. Each garden is different. You may have the wrong kind of soil for the thing you want to produce. Of course, there are ways of enriching it—study and reading and experience of life will do a great deal; persistent cultivation will overcome many obstacles. But, when you have done all you can, you may find you have planted the wrong kind of crop. Many a good farmer has been spoiled in the making of a poor lawyer. Don't waste time trying to grow bananas in Greenland.

Find out what you can do. Learn what your garden will bring forth, and then specialize on big crops. Something will grow in it. And if you give care and labor to it, you will find that better things will grow there than you ever imagined was possible.

And finally, keep the weeds out of it. There are women whose minds are so filled with knowledge of frivolous things they actually haven't room for a great idea. Not all women, of course, but some. Their garden is all grown up with shams and make-believe. The truth and honesty and womanly courage and strength that were planted there have all been overgrown with weeds. Likewise there are men who dare not open the gates of their mind and let the world see what is growing there. They keep the fence painted on the outside, and they grow a few common-place fruits and flowers along the border. But if you follow them inside you'll find the whole place choked with foul growths that poison the very air you breathe. You haven't got a mind worth calling a mind 'till you have mastered every corner of it, have left no waste place uncultivated and have it produce the very best of which it is capable.

NO DIFFERENCE.

The Proof is Here the Same As Everywhere.

For those who seek relief from kidney backache, weak kidneys, bladder ills, Doan's Kidney Pills offer hope of relief and the proof is here in Bellefonte the same as everywhere. Bellefonte people have used Doan's and Bellefonte people recommend Doan's, the kidney remedy used in America for fifty years. Why suffer? Why run the risk of dangerous kidney ills—fatal Bright's disease Here is Bellefonte proof. Investigate it.

Mrs. Sara Miller, 210 E. Howard St., Bellefonte, says: "I had pains in my back and a dull ache across my loins. I also had headaches and dizzy spells and spots floated before my eyes. I couldn't do any lifting and if I sat down, I could hardly get up without help. I also had rheumatic twinges. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills removed the rheumatic pains and the other ailments. I have had very little trouble since."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Miller had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

Mrs. Johnathan Boney, Miss Margaret Flack, Alvin Hess, F. H. Holtz, William Knarr, Miss Katherine Lauck, C. J. O'Laughlin, Mrs. Mary Loush, Mrs. Francis Merideth, Frank Meyers. When called for please say advertised.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

MURDER AT LOCK HAVEN

Fiend in Human Form Horribly Mutilated Body of David Shearer.

Some fiend in human form last week murdered David Shearer, of Lock Haven, and before leaving the body cut out the eyes and slashed the face and parts of the body. Unless the murder was the work of some insane person, it is supposed that Shearer was killed by some one who held against him a feeling of intense hatred.

When Shearer's body was found in a room at his home on Thursday it was at first thought that he had committed suicide. Decomposition had already set in and it was calculated that he had been dead several days. It was when the body was turned over to an undertaker that evidence of a horrible murder came to light. A Coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder at the hands of persons unknown.

Shearer had not been living with his wife, who resides at Beech Creek. He had been making his home for some time with a divorced woman who recently went to Kane or Emporium to work in a hotel. She had written him several letters asking him to come where she was, explaining that she had found a position for him. Failure to receive a reply to these letters prompted her to write to others asking them to make inquiry at the Shearer home. A door of the house was found to be unlocked and Shearer's lifeless body was located in his bedroom. The body was interred in the Fearon cemetery, at Beech Creek, on Saturday. Shearer at one time was employed at the Beech Creek brick works.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 25 and 50c at all stores.

Let us do your Job Printing.

A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

CINDERELLA ROSE

How She Met Her Prince Charming.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Rose Lathrop addressed the last envelope, slipped its inclosure inside, sealed and stamped it and yawned wearily.

It was 5 o'clock of a March afternoon, and the Kendals' library looked like a casket of glowing jewels.

To be Mrs. Kendal's private secretary had one disadvantage—Mrs. Jeremiah Kendal paid such high wages to her chef and her chauffeur, her butler and her French maid that she economized on the salary of her secretary. So Rose Lathrop, who should have received at the least $20 a week, accepted $10 and made the best of it.

"Some day," dreamed Rose in the library, "I shall write a book, and then—then I shall go back to mother and father."

There was a tap at the door, and a trim little maid entered.

"Miss Lathrop, Miss Hazel says will you please come and see her before you go home?"

"Tell her, Celeste, that I will be there in ten minutes."

She hurried a little, for she did not want to keep Hazel Kendal waiting.

Just now Hazel was confined to her rooms with a badly sprained ankle, the result of an automobile accident.

When Rose entered Hazel's boudoir, wearing her shabby little blue serge suit and blue velvet toque, Hazel looked up from her nest of embroidered satin cushions.

"Oh, good afternoon, Cinderella Rose!" she called playfully. "Do come and drink a cup of tea with me and talk! I want to growl at some one. Do you mind?"

"Not a bit," laughed Rose, drawing a chair to the fire and sitting down. "You are such a gentle bear, Miss Kendal!"

"Appearances are deceitful. I feel so fierce and unreasonable. You know tonight is the night of Mrs. Carter Philly's bal masque. Oh, Cinderella Rose, I want to go!" Hazel smiled, but her eyes were full of rebellious tears.

"I am so sorry," said Rose, putting down her teacup. "I wish there was something a poor Cinderella could do to help you."

"There is," said Hazel, blinking the tears away and biting into a pink frosted cake.

"Oh, tell me! I shall be so happy if I can," said Rose, remembering all the pleasures Hazel had put in her way.

"I'll tell you—listen," said Hazel, drawing the little secretary close beside her. "Tonight is Mrs. Carter Philly's bal masque. I am all ready to go, and now I cannot. But somebody will be there who is going away. I want to get a message to him before he sails tomorrow. Will you take it, Cinderella?"

"How can I?" asked Rose blankly.

"Wear my dress. We are the same size. Deliver my message to him. I thought perhaps he would come and say goodby, but it is too late now. And, oh, Rose, it is all my fault, and I don't blame him a bit! But if I could get a message to him tonight he would come before midnight."

"Tell me what to do, Miss Kendal, and I shall be happy to do the best I can," said Rose gently.

Hazel threw her arms about the blue serge shoulders and kissed the fair face under the little hat.

"You are a darling, Cinderella," she cried, and then went on rapidly: "My costume hangs in the wardrobe yonder. I was going as Cinderella, with my hair in curls and such picturesque rags and tatters, Rose!"

She gave Rose many other instructions and finally sent her home in a taxicab, with a great bundle of clothing.

"I shall be terribly frightened," whispered Rose ere she went, but added, "I shall send your Prince Charming to you, Miss Kendal."

Rose kissed her hand and vanished.

Three hours later she stood before her little mirror vainly trying to view her entire form.

Hazel Kendal's idea of Cinderella's rags was, indeed, amusing.

Rags and tatters, but picturesque ones, of rose and gray china silk, with smoke colored silk stockings and slippers.

Rose slipped on the gray silk mask and enveloped herself in one of Hazel Kendal's evening cloaks.

The taxicab engaged for the evening waited at the curb in front of the shabby boarding house.

Rose leaned back on the soft cushions and was whirled uptown to Mrs. Carter Philly's mansion.

She laughed as she thought of the letter she would write to her parents. If they could only see her now in all her ragged splendor!

Later, up in Mrs. Carter Philly's dressing room, Rose felt a thrill of fear at going down among so many strangers, but the crowd of girls and women in picturesque costumes accepted her as one of their own set and playfully tried to guess her identity, and presently she was in the brilliantly lighted ballroom.

While gayly attired figures came and went Rose's eyes were on the alert for one who might be Archie Brooke.

It was very confusing, for there were two young men dressed as Prince Charming. One was short and dark, the other tall and fair, but their features were concealed.

Just then the tall prince came up to her.

"Ah, Cinderella, you must have saved a dance for the prince!" he said.

"There are two princes," retorted Rose.

"But only one Prince Charming," he laughed and whirled her away in an old fashioned waltz.

"How did you guess that I couldn't dance the modern dances?" she asked after awhile.

"My mother doesn't approve of 'em," he said and then hastened to cover his blunder by remarks about their companions.

Rose was remembering something Hazel had told her about Mrs. Carter Philly's son, who was home on leave. He was a lieutenant in the army, stationed in the southwest.

"It must be Lieutenant Philly," she thought with an inexplicable throb of relief that this was not Hazel's Archie Brooke.

It was a wonderful dance, and when it was over he begged for another later on, and Rose was left to dance with the other men who crowded around.

All at once, in an interval, the other prince stood bowing before her.

"Will you dance with me, Cinderella?" he asked, and when they were gliding around he whispered tensely:

"Is it you, Hazel?" and then Rose knew that he was Archie Brooke. "You said you were going as Cinderella," he added in an unhappy tone.

"Come into the conservatory, Mr. Brooke," said Rose, and when they were there she slipped Hazel's note into his hand.

"Hazel sent you this; she is sorry," she said, and he tore open the missive.

"I must go now—before it grows any later!" he exclaimed. "Will you excuse me, Miss Cinderella?" And he vanished.

Rose stood by the fountain watching the darting goldfishes in the basin.

She was wishing that other Prince Charming was there—the sound of his deep voice thrilled her yet.

She looked up and he was there, his dark blue eyes shining through the eyeholes of his mask.

"In another hour, Cinderella, we will unmask," he said. "May I have the supper dance with you?"

Rose shook her head.

"I am sorry, prince, but I must go before the clock strikes 12."

"But I want to see your face," he protested.

"I am a Cinderella, indeed," she said in a sorrowful tone.

"And I am not to see you again?" he questioned.

"I am really Cinderella and I must go now," she said, leaving him.

"I shall know your voice anywhere!" he called after her, and her heart answered:

"I should know yours among all the men in the world!"

Her lips were mute, and he only saw the ravishing smile below the edge of her mask.

When the ball was over Lieutenant Philly astonished his mother by demanding the invitation cards turned in at the door.

He sorted them over, compared them with those who he knew were present and found Hazel Kendal's.

"Was Hazel Kendal here, mother?" he asked.

"No, dear; Hazel is laid up with a sprained ankle. Do put away these cards and go to bed!"

But Tom Philly put Hazel's card in his pocket and the next day went to call upon her.

Hazel had been carried down to the library, so that it was into the mellowed light of the beautiful room that he was ushered by the butler.

"Lieutenant Philly," announced Martin, and Hazel, who held his card in her fingers, flashed a look at Rose.

"Don't go, dear," she said. "I want you to meet Lieutenant Philly, Archie's friend and mine."

At the very first sound of Rose's voice Philly went red.

"Perhaps you have met before," said Hazel mischievously. "Miss Lathrop was at your mother's ball."

"Yes, we met there," said Philly eagerly, and Rose murmured something unintelligible.

Then Hazel, to cover their confusion, explained to this friend of Archie's how she had sent Rose in the guise of Cinderella to seek Archie.

"We are to be married when Archie comes back," she concluded. "Rose has promised to be one of my bridesmaids."

"I have promised Archie that I would be his best man," he said quietly.

Martin brought the tea things in, and the three over a quiet cup cemented a triple friendship that was unchanged until Archie's return made them a quartet.

* * * * * * *

It was after Hazel's wedding and the young couple were leaving for their new home in the west when the bride kissed her prettiest bridesmaid and held her tightly.

"Oh, Cinderella Rose," she whispered. "I am so happy about you and him!" She touched the engagement ring on Rose's finger. "Now I've lost my Cinderella! You will be a princess indeed now!"

Tom Philly's tall head bent over them.

"Didn't Cinderella marry the prince?" he asked. "Yet to him and to the fairy godmother she was always sweet Cinderella!"

"Please don't forget the fairy godmother's husband," added Archie Brooke.

PRAYERS THAT ARE HEARD

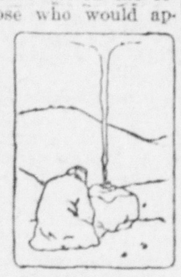
Psalm 141.—June 20.

Many May Worship, Few May Pray. Only the Sanctified In Christ Jesus. Their Prayers Arise as Incense Before God—Learning to Pray—What to Pray For—Watching For Answers.

"Keep me from the snares which they have laid for me."—Verse 9.

We should note the difference between worship and praise, which anybody may render to the Lord, and prayers and supplications, which are acceptable only from His consecrated people. To illustrate: It is one thing to show respect for a ruler, but quite another thing to be received as his friend or to have his counsel and guidance. So, while God has a deep interest in all mankind, it is not the same interest that He has in those who, regardless of sectarian lines, have entered into heart covenant with Him. These are the Bible Church.—Hebrews 12:23; 1 Corinthians 1:26.

Many have gotten the thought that anybody, at any time, may rush into the presence of Almighty God with requests, and that God is unhappy because people do not come. Such views indicate a lack of Bible information. The Bible teaches that prayer is a great privilege. Jesus voiced the restrictions upon those who would approach the Father—they must become His disciples. (John 14:6; Matthew 16:24.) Otherwise they cannot be begotten of the Holy Spirit, cannot have the privilege of prayer.



Prayer of one Consecrated.

M i s information on this subject has worked disadvantageously to many. The majority only occasionally flee to the Lord in some trouble, without entering into a covenant with Him. Were they rightly informed, they would realize that their affairs are not under Divine supervision. If the difference between Church and world were distinctly discerned, many would awaken to their need of God.

Incense, Prayer, Before God.

The Prophet David pictures the Christian in distress coming to God in His appointed way. (Verses 1, 2.) Elsewhere the Bible gives the same thought—that the prayers of God's people arise as sweet perfume. (Revelation 5:8.) The incense of old, typifying such prayers, was a rare mixture of spices, peculiarly sweet; and nobody was allowed to make it except the priests who offered it. Thus again the Lord shows that the privilege of prayer is confined to the antitypical priests.

Our prayers should be in harmony with our endeavors. Thus the Church are represented as praying the Lord to set a guard over their lips. The thought is that they strive to speak only what is helpful to others and honoring to God.

How appropriate that God's people note carefully to what extent they practice the Golden Rule! Whoever prays intelligently will surely scrutinize his business relations, that he may not eat dainties which come through injustice or oppression, but may rejoice in life's commonest things procured in harmony with principles of righteousness.

Those in fellowship with God will take no offense if reproved by the righteous—rather these reproofs will be like excellent oil, such as a guest received from his host in ancient times. True Christians have the heart qualities described as fruits of the Holy Spirit—meekness, gentleness, patience, long-suffering, brotherly-kindness, love. Hence neither their heads nor their hearts are broken by reproofs coming from brethren who rebuke in a Christian manner.—Galatians 6:1.

Prayer of One Not Consecrated.

In hyperbole the Prophet declares of the Church, "Our bones are scattered at the mouth of Sheol [the grave], as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth"—like chips which the wood-cutter considers not worth gathering. But whatever afflictions God's consecrated people may now have, they have God's promise of future glory, honor, immortality. He will not leave them desolate. They shall come forth from the tomb glorious in the First Resurrection majesty, to reign with Christ a thousand years.—Revelation 20:4, 6.

Prayer of one Not Consecrated.

Satan is represented as a fowler, seeking the Lord's people even as men hunt speckled birds. Chief amongst his agents, according to the Bible, are those fallen angels of whom he is prince; and amongst men he has many workers of iniquity—his servants. Apparently many professed servants of God are deceiving themselves, are really Satan's servants; for his works they do, as Jesus said.

God will deliver His people, and eventually Satan and his cohorts will fall into their own snares. Thus at the Red Sea the Lord opened a way for the Israelites to escape; while the Egyptians were overwhelmed. Similarly, in the approaching Time of Trouble, Satan and his servants will be defeated. The Church will escape, but the world will be ensnared in that great Time of Trouble preceding Messiah's Kingdom.

ILLNESS CHEAP IN PRAGUE.

Comparatively Few Doctors There, Yet the Fees Are Small.

According to a consular report, one may at least be ill in Austria and not dread the exorbitant doctor's bill that follows.

The city of Prague, with a population of about 600,000, has only about 800 physicians, or one for every 7,500 persons. A doctor charges for a daytime call in a middle class family only 60 cents, or 10 cents more than if the patient calls on him in his office. For a night call the doctor receives from $1.20 to $2, according to the distance. Only professors at the clinics of the two local universities charge more, receiving $2 to $4 for a house call and $2 for an office visit. As in this country, the physicians give only prescriptions.

About 100 dentists practice in Prague. The average charges are: Drawing one tooth, 40 cents; cement filling, 60 cents to $1; amalgam filling, 80 cents to $2.

The annual income of these professional men is estimated as follows: Head professor in charge of clinics, salary paid by the government, $1,440 to $1,600, and $5,000 to $11,000 from private practice; other professors at clinics, salary paid by the government, $1,000, and from private practice, $4,000 to $10,000; general medical practitioner not attached to any clinic, $3,000 to $3,500, the average income of a dentist being $5,000.

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

Why Put It Off Till Tomorrow When It May Be Done Today?

Why should we postpone our loving and the being happy that goes with it? The wife we are going to show more affection for as soon as we have made a little more of a pile. The husband we are going to be more companionable and sunshiny with as soon as we get a little more service in the house. the children whose lives we will enter into more fully as soon as we feel the pressure of circumstances a little less, the people we are going to show how genial we really are as soon as we have time—none of these ways of loving depends on the things we are waiting for.

Indeed, our opportunity comes more now than it will come when we have these things. The very pressure of our days bring us in contact with many people who most need a show of kindness and who will most warmly respond to it. The wife most needs and will most value love in her days when she is most being a helpmeet. The husband most needs and most prizes love in his years of struggle.

What are we waiting for? The kingdom of heaven is within and will not come of circumstances.—Nautilus.

Bjornson's Advice.

There is a story told of Bjornstjerne Bjornson that, arriving at a late hour at the town of Bergen, which was en fete to receive him, he vouchsafed to the expectant people no finer words of wisdom than a general recommendation to go to bed.

In vain they appealed to him for "song or sentiment." The great Bismarck, said he, gave the same advice under conditions all similar, and what was good enough for Berlin must suffice for Bergen.

Three years later, on visiting the town for the second time, the master novelist found a deserted city. Not a light burned in the dismal railway station, no banners waved, no addresses were read by portly burgomasters. In vain Bjornson asked for a cab.

"They have all gone to bed," was the reply. And so Bergen remembered.

First European Railway.

The first carriages that ran on rails in Europe were those of a horse railway between Linz and Budweis, in Austria. This was in working order in 1827. Locomotive railways were much longer coming. The first line in a modern sense was opened from Paris to St. Germain in 1835, but railway development was greatly hindered by a terrible accident on the Paris-Versailles line in 1842. The next was the Brussels-Malines line in Belgium. Belgium was also the first country to begin, in 1830, systematic plans for a national network of railways. Prussia followed in 1835 and Austria-Hungary in 1838. The first great trunk line in Europe was from Paris to Rouen, opened in May, 1843.

Family Pride.

Mrs. Blunt—Well, Louisa, I don't suppose you will attempt to deny that your original ancestors were stone age ruffians who lived in a damp cave. Mrs. Tree—If my earliest ancestors were a part of the geologic period of which you speak they must have had a red sandstone chateau of their own on Flinthead avenue, with stalactite decorations and running water on the first floor.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Poi In Hawaii.

Poi, the Hawaiian national dish, is made by pounding up the cooked root of the taro plant—the Arum esculentum of the botanists—with water into a thick paste. When slightly fermented it has a pleasant, fruity, acid taste.

The Solution.

"I wish I knew how Blinks lives without working?"

"Open a grocery store in his neighborhood and you'll soon find out."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Parts of Speech.

Teacher—Thomas, what are the parts of speech? Tommy Tucker (after an exhaustive mental effort)—It's the way a man talks when he stutters.

A great man is he who affects the mind of his generation.—Disraeli.

Diamond Cut Diamond

A Story of the Police Versus Crime.

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

I was traveling on a train between New York and Albany when, at Poughkeepsie, a man carrying a satchel entered the car in which I was and took the vacant seat beside me. He soon opened conversation with me, and I found him quite agreeable, though afterward I remembered that the way he obtained my admiration was by drawing out my conversational powers.

During the ride to Albany my traveling companion handed me his card, saying that he resided in that city and would be happy to have me drop in at his office during my stay there, for I had told him that I would be there several days. Naturally I gave him one of my own cards, on which I wrote my office address in New York in pencil.

Shortly before reaching Albany the man said he would go to the smoking car to enjoy a cigar and, leaving his satchel beside me, asked me if I would oblige him by keeping an eye on it for him during his absence. I assented, and he left the car. On crossing the bridge at Albany I began to fear we might reach the station before his return. When the train stopped in Albany he had not appeared. I waited till every one except myself had left the car, expecting each moment to see him hurrying toward me. Finally when the train began to fill up with a new load I left it myself, carrying the stranger's bag with me.

Stepping out on to the platform, I looked about for my traveling companion. A man stepped up to me and asked if I were looking for any one. I told him my story as I have told it here, and, snatching the satchel from me, he opened it and, thrusting in his hand, drew from among its contents a pearl necklace which, it struck me immediately, must be worth a fortune.

"I've got 'em," he remarked, "but I haven't got him!"

I pulled out the stranger's card and was looking at it when he took it from me and, after a hasty glance, put it in his pocket, remarking that there was no such street and number in Albany. He then told me that a wealthy lady of New York had lost the necklace and a detective agency with which he was connected had been employed to run down the thief and recapture the goods. The agency had obtained a clew and learned that the man proposed to take the train by which I had come from New York. My informant had been deputed to follow him, but had been misled, doubtless by a confederate of the thief who carried the property. The confederate had acted suspiciously, carrying a satchel that he kept under his own eye constantly, every now and again glancing uneasily at the detective. On reaching Albany the detective had arrested the decoy and turned him over to an associate, but a hasty examination of his satchel had revealed no booty. It was evident that the man carrying the necklace knew he was in danger and, after taking my address, had left his satchel in my hands that he might not be caught with the stolen property in his possession.

I accompanied the detective to a police station, where I turned over the satchel with its contents to the department.

Having transacted in Albany the business for which I had come, I returned to New York in company with the detective, and after a conference among the parties concerned it was agreed that I should wait a reasonable length of time for some communication from the man who had left the satchel in my keeping, and if I did not hear from him I would put an advertisement in the newspapers.

I had no confidence in the plan, and to tell the truth, I considered that the detective had bungled the case in being called off on a false scent and that my advertisement would not help matters. They argued that I had doubtless impressed the thief as being a gentleman, and no refined person would be likely to examine the contents of a bag left in his keeping by a stranger. They also suggested that many different explanations might be made for the man's failure to return for his property. I considered these arguments very thin and did not believe any thief fool enough to walk into such a trap as they were laying for him. The man had my name and address and would choose his own way of recovering the necklace, if, indeed, he intended to try to recover it, which I very much doubted, for I saw no way by which he could do so.

However, the detectives had a faint hope that their theory was correct, and I was quite willing to do anything they asked me to do. They waited a week for some communication from the thief. Then, since none had come, they inserted an advertisement. Some time was spent on its wording, and after many writings it read as follows:

The gentleman who recently left in the keeping of another on a train from New York to Albany a satchel containing valuable property will receive a reward for the name and address of the owner of said property and no questions asked.

The detectives supposed that the thief might bite at this bait, but I did not. It seemed to me that had I been the thief I would prefer to steal some other property than to attempt to make money by owning myself the thief of property stolen and recovered. But, as I have said, the professionals were working the case, and I was simply acting for them. When, however, one morning I received the following note by mail I confess I was surprised:

Dear Sir—I have seen your advertisement. I am not fool enough to walk into a trap. If $10,000 will tempt you to return me the necklace the money will be yours. It is worth $20,000. In other words, I'll go halves with you. If you agree to these terms put an ad. in next Sunday's personal column of any first class New York newspaper and I will write you when, how and where to deliver the goods and receive the funds.

The detectives were very hopeful on receipt of this letter. As for me, I could not believe that the man who had seen me and talked with me would consider me a person to divide the price of stolen goods even in the expectation of pocketing $10,000. The detectives said that I was probably right in my inference, but no one could tell exactly what was the man's game. It was doubtless something different from what appeared on the surface. They insisted on my inserting the ad., which I did, and in reply I received a note instructing me to take the necklace on a certain night at 11 o'clock to a house which the writer described so minutely that I could not miss it. I was warned that any attempt to put the police on the writer's track would fail, for the man from whom I had received the satchel would not act, but leave his interests in the hands of innocent persons who did not know that the transaction was illegitimate.

I had not objected to carrying the suggestions of the detectives thus far, but I did not like the idea of going any further and asked the police to put a substitute in my place. They told me that the moment the rascals saw that another than the man with whom the property had been left was not acting the whole affair would fall to the ground. I have never been a shirker of any duty, and since I considered it my duty to do all in my power to help the police catch the thief I yielded and agreed to carry out their plans.

The first thing they did was to have a spurious necklace made up to represent the real one. They had barely time for this when the evening for meeting the thief came round, and I repaired to the place of rendezvous. I was armed, and I knew that I was every moment under the eye of the police until I entered the house where the transfer was to take place, and after that it was surrounded by them, though they were in plain clothes and kept in shadow. The house was a dilapidated dwelling. There was a light in one room, the window being covered by a shade. I went to the door and rapped. A man came to the door, and I asked him if a man was there who wished to buy some jewelry. He led me into the room lighted by a candle, which stood on a table. He pointed to a seat on one side of the table and sat down himself on the other side.

"Show up," he said, taking a roll of bank bills from his pocket and, after showing me that they were of a hundred dollar denomination, waited for me to produce the necklace.

The police had found it impossible to suggest any secret signal by which I was to notify them that it was time to close in on us, so we had agreed that they were to do so ten minutes after my entrance to the house. If I were in danger I was to cry out or fire my pistol. To delay the matter a few moments I asked the man some questions.

"Do you represent the party who turned over this satchel to me?"

"Yes."

"Does he know you are dealing with that person?"

"He does."

"How?"

"He has seen you through a hole in the partition."

I opened the bag and took out the spurious necklace. The man extended his left hand with the bills in it, while with the other he clutched the necklace, at the same time blowing out the candle, leaving the room in total darkness. I gave a yell as a signal for the men outside to come in, which they did not need, for they saw that the light was extinguished. They strove to open the front door, but it had been locked from the inside. A few minutes were spent in breaking it down, during which time I sat in darkness. They made so much noise at the door that I could hear little or nothing that was going on in the room. One thing I did hear. It sounded like the closing of a door.

When the men came in they flashed their lanterns and relit the candle. They found no one in the room but myself. There was no door in it except the one leading into the hall by which they had entered. This puzzled them for a time; but, flashing their lanterns everywhere, they at last noticed a trapdoor in the floor. Pulling it up, they descended into a cellar. There they found an iron door, which they could not pass till they had spent some time in prying it open. When this was accomplished they entered a tunnel that led them over 200 feet to a deserted house.

Thus ended a case of diamond cut diamond. The villains were too smart for the police, but the police had given them only a false necklace. We never received any explanation of the affair. Whether they were in league with the man from whom I had received the satchel or whether they were an entirely different party we never learned. Quite likely they were criminals who had seen my ad. and, taking the advertiser for a flat, had put up a job to get possession of valuable property.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 17 1915

CHARLES F DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate, $1.50 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year..... 60
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

Political Announcements.

The following schedule of charges for political announcements in the approaching primary campaign will prevail:

Announcements of candidates for Judge $25. Announcements of candidates for Sheriff County Treasurer, Recorder, Register, Prothonotary, District Attorney, County Commissioners, $10 each. County Auditors, Jury Commissioners, Coroner and County Surveyor, $5 each.

All political announcements are payable strictly in advance.

FOR JUDGE

We are authorized to announce as the candidate of the people and for the people the name of J. Kennedy Johnston for the office of Judge in Centre County (being the 49th., Judicial District) who respectfully solicits your influence and support on his behalf for said office upon a non-partisan ticket.

We are authorized to announce that N. B Spangler is a candidate for the office of Judge, subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries to be held, Tuesday, September 21st.

FOR SHERIFF

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of George H. Yarnell, of Walker Township, for the Republican nomination for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the forth coming primaries.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

The undersigned desires to formally announce his candidacy for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer, subject to the will of the Republican voters as expressed at the coming primaries.

DAVID CHAMBERS,
Clarence, Pa.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of A. H. Hartswick, of State College township, for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican electors of Centre County at may be expressed by them at the primary election of 1915. Mr. Hartswick asks the support of all Republican voters at the primaries assuring them that the same will be appreciated.

FOR RECORDER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce he name of William H. Brown, of Bellefonte Borough, for the Republican nomination for Recorder, subject to the decision of the primaries of 1915.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Harry W. Schreffler, of Bellefonte borough, for the Republican nomination for Recorder, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on September 21st, 1915. Mr. Schreffler respectfully asks the support of all Republicans at the primaries, assuring them that it will be appreciated.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Isaac Miller, (carpenter), of Bellefonte borough, for nomination on the Republican ticket at the primaries of 1915 for the office of County Commissioner. Mr Miller respectfully asks the support of the Republican voters of the county.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Harry S. Stuart, of Sandy Ridge, Rush Township, for Republican nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the primaries of 1915. Mr. Stuart respectfully asks the support of all Republicans for the nomination.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Harry P. Austin, of Milesburg Borough, for Republican nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 21st, 1915. Mr. Austin respectfully asks the support of all Republicans.

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of W. C. Cassidy for Republican nomination for the office of Justice of the Peace in the South and West Wards of Bellefonte Borough, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on September 21st, 1915.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the candidacy of W. H. Musser for the Republican nomination for Justice of the Peace in the North Ward of Bellefonte Borough, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on September 21st, 1915. Mr. Musser respectfully asks the support of the Republican voters of the North Ward.

Another great sympathizer with Germany is named William.

You may have noticed that the only really soft job is the other fellow's.

Wilson is pretty lucky, at that. He got rid of Bryan without firing him.

What a man doesn't know won't hurt him, if he knows that he doesn't know it.

In the meantime Uncle Sam is cheerfully mobilizing the world's available supply of gold.

Bryan's mania for peace-at-any-cost apparently does not apply when some other fellow stands in his way to becoming President..

It begins to look as if W. J. B. used the note to Germany incident as an opportunity to quit Wilson and groom himself as a candidate for President in 1916.

There is no doubt as to the breadth of the break in the Democratic party when erstwhile Bryan newspapers now dub the Great Commoner as Benedict Bill. The most charitable thing they have to say for Bryan is that he deserted President Wilson in the hour of trial.

Clark Howell, the noted Southern editor, is so sore at Bryan that he is unwilling to publish the Bryan peace propaganda statements in the "Atlanta Constitution." Some other Democratic editors are so sore at Bryan that they are publishing them, figuring that the latter course is more damaging than beneficial to W. J.

So far as we can see, Grand Duke Nicholas, who represents six or seven feet of Russian high command, finds his favorite occupation is reorganizing his army while on the run.

Kunes—Riddle.

The home of Mrs. Matthew F. Riddle, at Pleasant Gap, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Thursday evening, June 10th, when her only daughter, Marion Louise, became the bride of Thomas Milton Kunes, of Blanchard.

At preeisely 5 o'clock to the strains of a beautiful wedding march played by Miss Mary Hile, the bridal party entered the parlor which was tastefully adorned with a choice profusion of flowers.

The bride was attended by Mrs. William Bowes, sister of the groom, as matron of honor, while the bride's brother, Mr. Ralph Riddle, attended the groom.

The bride was gowned in a beautiful dress of crepe de chine over white silk and carried white Killarney roses. Her matron of honor was attired in nile green silk crepe and wore a corsage of pink Killarney roses. The groom wore an evening suit of black.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. I. Stonecypher, former pastor of the bride, and was conducted according to the beautiful ring service provided in the ministerial acts of the Lutheran church, and in the presence of quite a number of invited guests. After a sumptuous wedding breakfast the newly married couple left on a wedding trip to Niagara Falls and other places of interest.

The bride is one of the accomplished young ladies of Pleasant Gap and a popular and successful school teacher of excellent reputation, having taught in the schools of Spring Township for a number of years. She was the recipient of many handsome and useful gifts.

The groom is a merchant doing a successful business at Blanchard where they will be at home after their honey-moon. The best wishes of a host of friends go with them.

ADDITIONS TO THE LANGUAGE

Virile Terms Mostly Created in the Workshop and the Market Place, Says Writer.

Language can be made in the library, no doubt, and in the laboratory also, but it is most often and most effectively created in the workshop and in the market place, where the imaginative energy of our race expresses itself spontaneously in swiftly creating the lacking term in response to the unexpected demand, says Brander Mathews in Harper's Magazine. Nothing could be better, each in its own way, than picturesque vocables like scarehead and loan shark, windjammer and henminded, all of them American contributions to the English language and all of them examples of the purest English. Henminded is an adjective devised by Mr. Howells to describe those women who are so common in all walks of life and who are made up of only one aim at a time, and of manifold anxieties at all times. Scarehead and loan shark are the products of the newspaper office, while windjammer was put together by some down East sailor man, inheritor of the word-forming gift of his island ancestors who helped to harry the Armada. "Windjammer," remarked Professor Gildersleeve, trained by his intimate knowledge of Greek to appreciate verbal vigor as well as verbal delicacy, "Windjammer is a fine word, I grant, and so is every Anglo-Saxon compound that grows and is not made."

But all new words are not of necessity good words. Ben Jonson, who was himself a frequent maker of new words, displayed his shrewdness when he declared that "Custom is the most certain mistress of language as the publicke stampe makes the current money," adding as a caution, "But wee must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coyning."

Old Home Week.

We expect to see many of our friends during Old Home Week. We hope they will feel free to use any facilities for their comfort and convenience that our offices afford.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Bellefonte, Pa.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Ananias Sline's Airship

Story of a Troubled Conscience.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The very day I arrived at Quince Harbor I met the Widow Rowell. She was emerging from Em Bevis' department store, and on her comely face was a baffled look.

"It has something to do with Ananias Sline," was my first thought, for these two interesting widows, Em Bevis and Hetty Rowell, were boldly contesting for the heart and hand of Ananias Sline, one time mate of the good ship Indus and now porter in the Quince Harbor bank.

"Good morning, Miss Telham," she gave greeting. "How's Maria's rheumatism?"

"Much better than it was. And how are you?"

The little widow cast a baleful backward glance at the department store, where I distinctly saw Em Bevis' sleekly pompadoured head against the window. "I'm fine! Splendid!" responded the Widow Rowell vivaciously. "Have you heard about Mr. Sline's aeroplane? Captain Barnabas said Ananias had been building one. He makes his trial flight tonight. I'll tell you something if you won't tell," she added proudly.

"You may confide in me, Mrs. Rowell," I reproached her. "I shall be as silent as the grave."

She drew nearer and whispered:

"I'm going up in the airship with Ananias!"

And while I listened, aghast, she patted my arm and darted away down the village street.

Suddenly I remembered that I had an errand at Em Bevis' store, and as I mounted the steps the door flew open and Mrs. Bevis' ample form was bowing me inside, and her heavy features relaxed in a generous smile of welcome.

"You heard about Mr. Sline's airship?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes. He makes a trial flight today," I repeated quickly, for I was mindful of Hetty Rowell's secret locked in my breast.

She glanced toward her two clerks, young girls, bright eyed and rosy checked, who were exchanging witticisms with the stage driver, who had just delivered an express package.

"He's going to take a passenger," whispered the Widow Bevis.

"Who? Ned Roberts?" I glanced at the lanky stage driver.

"No; Ananias Sline!"

"Oh, a passenger in the airship?" So Hetty's secret was no secret after all.

She nodded.

"It's a secret. Perhaps you can guess." She smiled archly.

"You?" I weakly asked.

"Yes. Don't tell a soul," she cautioned, although I am sure she hoped I would confide the news to Hetty Rowell.

I spent the afternoon on the bay with Captain Barnabas and his wife, Maria. As we tied up at the little landing below the Fish cottage the captain cast a glance at the wind signal.

"Not a puff!" he ejaculated. "There isn't a mortal reason why Ananias can't make that flight tonight."

"Bright moonlight, too," added Maria. "Hurry up and come to supper so's we can go right over to Terry's field. I want a good look at the critter before it's smashed to bits."

"Will the machine really fly?" I asked as we ate a hurried meal.

"So Ananias says," returned the captain dryly. Ananias had been his first mate on many voyages, and Captain Fish was confident that the truth was not in Ananias.

When we reached Terry's ten acre field the moon was lifting a great silver disk above the pine woods. The field was flooded with white light, revealing the gathering crowd of villagers.

In the middle of the moonlit space was a great white winged object surrounded by curious men and boys.

This was Ananias Sline's airship.

We approached the awkward looking object and found Ananias himself, looking absurdly small in a leather aviation suit and helmet. He looked like a brown gnome.

He greeted us with his accustomed dignity, but even while he explained the mysteries of the Hawk, as he had named it, his cold blue eyes were searching the arriving crowds.

"He is looking for Hetty, or is it Em Bevis?" I thought, wondering how this latest scheme of Mr. Sline's would work out. Would he have one passenger or two?

A hand plucked at my sleeve. It was Hetty Rowell, almost unrecognizable in heavy skirt, woolen sweater under her winter coat and a green veil wound around her head and face so that only her sharp gray eyes were visible.

"Hetty, aren't you afraid?" I whispered.

She smiled proudly.

"Not with him. Ananias knows and understands his own machine."

She slipped past me and stood talking to Ananias, who continued to peer nervously around while he talked.

There was the sound of heavy breathing close beside me. Em Bevis, as strangely attired as her rival, stood there, her eyes gleaming with resolution. She pushed past me and strode toward Ananias and the Widow Rowell.

Before she reached them there was a shout. Alvin Barker, a teller in the bank, jumped from his automobile and half carried a veiled lady to the airship and lifted her into the passenger's seat, strapping her in with deft rapidity.

"There's your passenger, Ananias," he muttered in a choked tone. "Clear the way, all of you!" he shouted.

The crowd fell back. Ananias jumped nimbly into the pilot's seat, was strapped in, Barker whirled the propeller, the engine started, stopped, started again, and the ungainly bird teetered over the ground on its landing wheels.

It mounted a rise, then lifted and rose obliquely toward the pale moon.

From the pilot's seat leaned a gnome-like figure, Ananias Sline.

In the passenger's seat, stiffly erect, sat the passenger, the veiled lady.

On the ground two other veiled ladies stood shoulder to shoulder and gazed upward after the vanishing Ananias.

For the moment a common grievance declared a truce between them.

"Who was she?" rumbled Em Bevis in her deep tones.

The Widow Rowell cleared her voice of emotion.

"It looked like that Underwood girl from Snarling Hollow," she muttered.

The shout of applause which had arisen when Ananias Sline sailed away died down as the airship became a dark speck against the moon's face.

Silence fell upon Terry's field—silence which was broken by confused shouts.

We turned hastily to discover Haywood Drayton's big motorcar plunging across the grassy field. Haywood Drayton was president of the Quince Harbor bank.

Mr. Drayton jumped from his motorcar, followed by the imposing form of Constable Lee.

Alvin Barker was sliding toward his own little runabout when the big constable's hand fell upon his arm.

"I guess you'll have to come along with me, Alvin," he said good naturedly, and as the teller struggled to free himself the officer's hand tightened its hold.

"Be a good boy, Alvin," he coaxed. "You can't rob the bank without being punished for it, you know!"

"It was Ananias," quavered the teller desperately.

"Ananias is an accessory; don't forget that. We must get him," put in Haywood Drayton.

"He's got a lady with him!" some one said, and the constable laughed.

"A nice lady—deaf, dumb and blind," he explained between chuckles—"a wax figger from Em Bevis' show window, her holler form filled with packages of greenbacks from the bank. Oh, Ananias is eloping with an heiress, all right!"

Em Bevis and Hetty Rowell exchanged glances of dismay.

"Look!" screamed some one. "He is coming back!"

We gazed up at the pale star strewn sky.

Out of the silence came the throb of the airship's engine, and the huge wings were directly over Terry's field.

Down swooped Ananias Sline's airship until it was 200 feet above us. For a moment it hovered, rocking violently.

Then some one screamed in horror, for a dark object was falling from the airship—a human form.

A shuddering cry went up as the veiled passenger struck the ground and was still.

Some one remembered what the constable had said about the wax figure in Em Bevis' show window.

"Let's see!" he shouted, and ran forward.

Sure enough, the poor veiled lady was the familiar figure we had often seen in Mrs. Bevis' window. But her waxen head was smashed to atoms, and her broken form revealed rolls and wads of newspapers—that was all.

Cunning Alvin Barker had tempted Ananias to run away with the stolen money, while all the time he had hidden the money in a safe place and had stuffed the dummy passenger with paper.

Ananias, conscience stricken—perhaps fear stricken, who knows?—had repented and returned to drop the lady and the loot upon Terry's field. He might have made his escape in the Hawk had not something happened to the engine.

So the Hawk came flopping to earth, and Ananias crept out of the ruins and sought Constable Lee to give himself up.

An hour afterward two veiled ladies appeared in the constable's office. One was Em Bevis, and the other was Hetty Rowell. They came to proffer bail for the aviator's release.

"Cap'n Fish bailed him out an hour ago," explained Lee. "I don't reckon we can do much agin a man's running off with wads of newspaper—unless," he added hopefully, "you want to make a charge against him for stealing your wax figger, Em!"

Em Bevis looked thoughtful.

"'Twan't my figger, Jim," she said at last. "I gave it to Ananias, didn't I, Hetty?"

Hetty Rowell nodded emphatically. "Of course she did!"

"Then there ain't any case against him," declared Jim Lee.

When I told Ananias Sline of this noble deed on the part of Em Bevis his bulbous blue eyes filled with emotional tears. I had not believed he could weep any more than a fish could shed tears.

"Miss Telham," sniffed Ananias, "that's why I can't make up my mind to marry either one of them noble wimmen. It's because I don't feel I'm good enough for 'em."

And I almost believed him!

DID HE DECEIVE THEM?

SCHOOLMASTER'S ASSERTION WAS NEVER VERIFIED.

True or Not, However, It Had the Effect of Making Culprits Own Up to Guilt and Take the Consequences.

Describing the lighter side of school life, Ian Hay, the Scotch novelist, tells of a schoolmaster who called his boys together.

"A very unpleasant and discreditable thing has happened," he said. "The municipal authorities have recently erected a pair of extremely ornate and expensive lampposts outside the residence of the mayor of the town.

"Those lampposts appear to have attracted the unfavorable notice of the school.

"Last Sunday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, they were attacked and wrecked, apparently by volleys of stone."

There was a faint but appreciative murmur from those members of the school to whom the news of this outrage was now made public for the first time. But a baleful flash from the schoolmaster's spectacles restored instant silence.

"Several parties of boys," he continued, "must have passed these lampposts on that evening, on their way back to their respective houses after chapel. I wish to see all boys who in any way participated in the outrage in my study directly after second school. I warn them that I shall make a severe example of them."

His voice rose to a blare.

"I will not have the prestige and fair fame of the school lowered in the eyes of the town by the vulgar barbarities of a parcel of ill-conditioned little street boys. You may go!"

The audience rose to their feet and began to steal silently away. But they were puzzled. The Old Man was no fool, as a rule. Did he really imagine that chaps would be such mugs as to own up?

But before the first boy reached the door the head spoke again.

"I may mention," he added very gently, "that the attack upon the—er lampposts was witnessed by a gentleman resident in the neighborhood, a warm friend of the school. He was able to identify one of the culprits, whose name is in my possession. That is all."

And quite enough, too. When the schoolmaster visited his study after second school he found 17 malefactors meekly awaiting chastisement.

But he never divulged the name of the boy who had been recognized, or, for that matter, the identity of the warm friend of the school. I wonder!

Canada's 72-Inch Reflector.

Work is progressing rapidly on this instrument, which will be probably, for a short time only, the largest telescope in the world, pending the completion of the 100-inch reflector for Mt. Wilson. The disk for the great mirror started from Antwerp about a week before the war broke out. After its arrival at New York the Pennsylvania railroad was about a week in finding a suitable car to transport it to Pittsburgh, and then there was further delay before an iron wagon could be obtained to transport it to Doctor Brashear's workshop, where it was finally placed on the grinding table. The hazardous work of boring and smoothing off the hole in the center of the mirror has been accomplished with entire success. It is expected that the mounting will be completed by October next.—Scientific American.

DON'T VISIT THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITIONS Without a supply to Allen's Foot-Ease. It gives instant relief to tired, aching feet and prevent swollen, hot feet. One lady writes: "I enjoyed every minute of my stay at the Expositions, thanks to Allen's Foot-Ease in my shoes. Sold Everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

HONESTY IN SMALL THINGS

Petty Graft, Considered of Small Matter, Is Something the Conscientious Will Avoid.

An order forbidding the girls to make personal calls on the office phones was recently issued by a large corporation, and the girls were very indignant, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

But these are stringent times, and if those girls had looked over the books of the company and seen how large an item of expense the telephone was, they might not have felt so ill-used.

Just ask yourself frankly how much graft you expect to get from your place of business.

Many girls make a practice of taking paper and pens and pencils, blotters, rubbers, even stamps. They do all their telephoning over the company's wires. They use the company's time for their personal correspondence. And these are only the most obvious and common of the forms graft takes in offices.

Look over your ideas on this subject and see how much of it you have fallen for. And then ask yourself why you should graft on the company any more than on any special member of it. You would hardly take stamps out of the boss' pocketbook, in case he dropped it within reach. Yet what's the difference, except in appearance?

Better cut it out, girls. Most offices are pretty free and easy about grafting of that sort, and it is a matter for your own choice. But the habit is a bad one; it lacks dignity, and it isn't fair.

It's on a par with cheating the car companies by stealing a ride when the opportunity offers instead of paying your nickel for value received. Being honest when an eye is on you, in fact, instead of just honest. And it doesn't pay.

It takes the fine edge off your feelings and perceptions.

Destructive Starfish.

Clearing Narragansett bay of that voracious enemy of the oyster, clam and scallop, the starfish, is one of the principal recommendations of the commissioners of shell fisheries in the annual report just presented to the general assembly. Many acres of free ground—17,000 acres are exempt by law—are described as only breeding places for the starfish, which during the past year destroyed a million bushels of oysters besides ravaging the beds of clams and scallops. So serious a menace to the shellfish industry is the starfish that the revenue of the state from leased oyster grounds is being affected. The starfish set during June and July. Immense numbers are found upon seaweed. It is estimated that the starfish in one cart load of seaweed are capable of destroying over six million clams in one week. Raking the seaweed ashore is one way of killing the stars by the million.—Providence Bulletin.

Borrow's Idea of English.

George Borrow, who received his instruction in the pronunciation of Welsh from a groom, was of the opinion that the difficulties of the language had been vastly exaggerated. "The double 'l' of the Welsh," he wrote, "is by no means the terrible guttural which English people generally suppose it to be, being in reality a pretty liquid, exactly resembling in sound the Spanish 'll,' the sound of which I had mastered before commencing Welsh, and which is equivalent to the English 'lh;' so being able to pronounce llano I had, of course, no difficulty in pronouncing Llud, which, by the bye, was the name of the groom."

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot—Ease, the antiseptic powder for painful, smarting, tender, nervous feet. It takes the sting of corns and bunions. Over 100,000 packages are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

CLOCKS

Of all kinds. Mantle, Chime, Desk, Office, Wall and Alarm Clocks in Oak, Walnut and Mahogany.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Citizens and residents of Milesburg, please pay attention to the following suggestion offered by one of your number to the writer:

As you all know, Old Home Week is coming; in fact, will soon be here. Bellefonte cleaned up their properties, why not do the same in our town? We all know that we will have visitors as well as our sister town, and we are able to look as well as they. Now the suggestion:—Every one get busy and gather up all the stones, tin cans, or other rubbish which is littered over your yard or street in front of your house. Just see how nice it does look after once you can really see the green grass which now is covered by such rubbish. Also, if you would take an hour and cut the grass you would see such an improvement. Get busy! Do it now! All for Old Home Week!

Mrs. R. B. Haupt, of Ford City, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Haupt during the past week, has returned home.

Edward Johnson, of McKeesport, is visiting his family on Water Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunsmore and daughter, of Clymer, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Haupt during the past week.

Mrs. Ward Shenck, of Howard, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Campbell, of Renovo, after visiting W. R. Campbell for a time, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Stover and children, of Hublersburg, Sundayed with Thomas Shope and family.

The State-Centre Electric Co. on Sunday had a break-down, which was the cause of no lights.

Mrs. Yeager, of State College, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Heaton.

Miss Gladys Rickard, who has been spending the winter near Lock Haven, has returned home.

Burns York, of State College, is visiting his brother, Leon Yorks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith, of State College, spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs S. M. Huff.

Miss Margaret Zimmerman spent commencement week in State College.

T. A. Hugg, of Williamsport, Sundayed with his family on Water Street.

Rev. and Mrs. S. S. Clark are visiting friends in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Hanner, of Williamsport, visited recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Shroyer.

Mrs. John Candor, of Lock Haven, is visiting Mrs. H. Grove and family.

Miss Margaret Zimmerman has accepted the position as stenographer and bookkeeper with the new brass works at the Forge.

Miss Hannah Shroyer is at home taking her vacation during this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Watson, of Yarnell, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. William Walker.

Ralph Thomas, of Philadelphia, visited friends in the town during the past week.

Children's Day services were observed in both the Methodist and Presbyterian churches on Sunday. In the morning in the Presbyterian church a very pleasing program was rendered, followed by infant baptism. In the evening the exercises were held in the M. E. church and were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Lepley and daughter, Mae, are visiting in Williamsport.

Miss Zulda Wilkinson, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Harry Austin, has returned to her home in Altoona.

Miss Besse Miles is visiting friends in Williamsport.

Frank Brady is making a business visit to McKeesport.

Philip Hall, of Osceola, is spending some time at home.

Fred Campbell, of Tyrone, is visiting his grandfather, W. R. Campbell.

Mrs. M. S. Adams and son, William, are visiting with the Misses Adams.

Lester Campbell, of Tyrone, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Campbell.

D. C. Lucas, of Altoona, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. William Lucas.

Mrs. Catherine Jacobs spent last week with her mother, Mrs. Sarah Packer, at Valley View.

Samuel Baird, of Lewistown, Sundayed with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird.

Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, of Bellefonte, Sundayed with Mrs. George Degarmo.

Miss Caroline Schindler is on the sick list.

Mrs. Haines, of State College, spent Sunday with Mrs. Degarmo.

Miss Rose Haupt spent Monday in State College.

The Baptists will hold their Children's Day services on Sunday evening, June 20th, at 7.30 o'clock.

Mt. Eagle.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed, of Altoona, while driving through Mt. Eagle enroute to Niagara Falls last Tuesday had the misfortune to have their car break down and while waiting for repairs to be completed stopped with Mrs. Etta Leathers.

E. H. Leathers was a Bellefonte shopper last Thursday evening.

Mrs. Will Yeager and Mrs. Bryan, of Curtin, spent Wednesday at the home of Mrs. T. G. Leathers.

Mrs. Lizzie Culvey, of Lock Haven, spent several days here with Mrs. Alf Strickland.

Miss Bertha Bitner and Pauline Neff were in Howard last Wednesday evening to take music lessons with Miss Robb.

Mrs. T. G. Leathers spent last Thursday evening in Curtin with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan.

Last Friday night the stork visited the home of William Gates and left there a chubby boy baby. Mother and babe are getting along famously.

Arthur Bathurst and daughters went to Howard on Saturday evening and spent Sunday with Grandma Hays.

Hays Daughenbaugh, who is employed by the Pennsy., spent the Sabbath at home here with his family.

Mrs. Boney has been entertaining her sister, from Lock Haven.

Alf Strickland came home from Hayes Run to visit over Sunday.

Mrs. T. G. Leathers was a Bellefonte shopper on Saturday.

Misses Anna and May Deitz and Miss Gramley came up from Lock Haven Sunday and had supper at the Deitz home.

Mrs. Clara McCallion, of Howard, and two grand-children, visited here Sunday evening at the Alf Strickland home.

Sunday, the 13th, was your scribe's 78th birthday anniversary and the family had a little reunion. Those present included his three daughters and their husbands: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shaughnessy, Jr., of Bellefonte; Mr. and Mrs. Braumbaugh and Thomas, of Altoona, and Mrs. Carrie Kunes and son, Ezra, of Altoona, also Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Deitz. A good, old-fashioned dinner was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Justice Leathers and son, Ralph, enjoyed a drive to the home of Mr. Leathers' father last Sunday.

Pine Grove Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Corl visited at the J. C. Corl home at White Hall last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Neidigh, of Strubles, greeted old friends here last Thursday.

J. H. Bailey and W. H. Glenn were to Milton on Saturday on a business venture and the result was a new 5-passenger Ford car.

Leslie Krebs came home following the commencement exercises at old Penn State. He was graduated there in 1913.

Mrs. Mabel Mothersbaugh, of Aaronsburg, with her baby boy Daniel, is visiting with relatives in the valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kimport were Sunday visitors with relatives at Bloomdorf.

Harry Oaks, of McElavey's Fort, was here last Friday in quest of corn and tarried awhile to greet old cronies.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weiland and Mr. and Mrs. William Ferree motored to Lewistown the latter part of last week to pay a visit to the John E. Weiland family formerly of Boalsburg.

A. S. Walker has the auto fever, and it seems that a 5-passenger Ford is to effect a cure.

Dr. Frank Bowersox and a lady friend came up from Philadelphia and attended the Penn State commencement and also spent several days with his parents and relatives. They returned to Philadelphia on Monday. Meanwhile the boys are keeping an ear open to hear the wedding bells when they ring.

Mrs. G. D. Dannley and Clayton Struble are among the rheumatic sufferers, but both are improving now.

G. Frank Miller is re-roofing his barn with cedar shingles.

Miss Mary Lytle is starting for New York on Friday to visit her two sisters at Staten Island.

J. I. Reed, H. H. Goss and wife and Mrs. A. J. Tate and daughter Minnie, in Mr. Reed's car, went to Altoona on Sunday to visit Aunt Lydia Stover, who is quite frail.

Mrs. Sue Fry and sister, Mrs. Esther Richie, came down from Altoona Saturday and were among the mourners at the George Bebrer funeral on Sunday. It was one of the largest funerals held in this section in many years.

Robert Bailey, tenant farmer on the T. D. Boal farm, figured in a runaway last Friday while unhitching the team from the corn worker for dinner. One of the horser was torn from the machine when the other became frightened, the team running away with Robert entangled in the lines and traces and he was dragged some distance. He managed to cling to a small tree and extricated himself and thus saved his life. One hand was badly injured and he suffered some painful bruises. The horses were not harmed, but the cultivator was badly twisted.

Mrs. David Scruder, of Ohio, is here for a visit with old acquaintances in the valley.

Mrs. Dorothy Miller, of Hollidaysburg is spending her vacation with friends at Rock Springs and in the Glades.

Rev. L. S. Spangler has resigned and held his last services on Sunday preparatory to removing to Everett where he has accepted a call and to which place he sent his household effects by rail on Wednesday. He will go to Everett in his Ford car. His departure is a loss that will be keenly felt and his people here are loath to lose him as a pastor and friend. The Everett folks are fortunate in securing his services as he is a gifted pulpit orator and has no fear in preaching the gospel truth. Our loss is surely their gain.

The stretch of State road west of State College has been completed and all the machinery removed to a point east of town where a good quarry is being opened up by the road-side preparatory to make the road eastward through the Glades to Rock Springs before the snow flies, so Superintendent J. A. Decker says. We hope he is not misinformed.

Mrs. Millie Gates Sewigg, of Nebraska is making her annual summer visit and expects to be present at the Old Home Week celebration and meet many of her old friends, July, 2—9. U-L-B-GLAD-U-KUM.

Mrs. Mary Sulenberger Dead.

Mrs. Mary Sulenberger, an aged resident of Liberty Township, died last Saturday morning at her late home near the Bowes school house. She was aged 85 years and was the widow of the late Levi Sulenberger. Surviving are four children: Daniel and Mason, residing in Liberty Township, Miss Emma, of Atlantic City, and Elizabeth; at home. The funeral was held Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Emily Gardner Dead.

Mrs. Emily Gardner, a well known resident of Beech Creek, died suddenly last Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. She was the widow of the late Johnson Gardner and was aged about 78 years.

Important.

We are the distributors of the celebrated Red Seal Pacific Coast Red Shingles, carefully made from selected red cedar timber, quarter sawed.

Don't be induced to buy any kind of roofing until you have seen them at lumber yard of P. B. Crider & Son, Lamb Street bridge, Bellefonte, Pa.

Howard.

Miss Vinna Butler returned home on Monday, after spending several weeks with relatives and friends in Houtzdale and Tyrone.

Misses Idella and Laura Williams spent several days last week visiting with relatives in Altoona.

Harry Krebs, Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Hensyl and Mrs. Hattie Bacon, of Mahanoy City, and Dr. William Hensyl, of Berwick, are spending a few days very enjoyably visiting relatives and friends in Howard.

Little Leo Welch, son of David Welch, while playing Monday evening in front of his father's blacksmith shop, had the misfortune to fall and fracture his arm. His injury was dressed by Dr. McEntire and the sturdy young man is getting along as well as could be hoped for.

Miss Pearl Evey, of Bellefonte, is visiting with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mokle.

Miss Edna Reber, of Philadelphia, is at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. I. Reber, for a few weeks.

Miss Dorothy Weber, a student at Albright College, has returned home to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Weber.

Pearl Thomas, wife and child, of Cincinnati, and Weber Thomas, wife and son Victor and Mrs. Linn, of Camden, N. J., are spending a few days at the Thomas Thomas home here.

Harry Muffly and George Pletcher, students at the Lock Haven Normal, are spending their summer vacation at home.

Miss Mary Wensel spent a few days this week with friends in State College.

Mr. and Mrs J. Will Conley, of Bellefonte, took dinner on Sunday at the John Holmes home.

Misses Emma and Myrtle Pletcher visited the past week with friends in Renovo.

The High School Alumni Association will hold a picnic on Friday, June 25th. Plans are now being completed. Should any member fail to receive notice, kindly call Walter Holter, No. 1621 Commercial phone.

The Howard baseball team played Woolrich on the local grounds last Saturday and were victorious by a score of 10—1. Howard had six earned runs. That Howard had her batting clothes on may be judged from the fact that P. Holter, Hoover, Wyland, Moore and Harvey each laced out two baggers. P. Holter pitched a fine game for the locals, holding Woolrich down to five hits. Next Saturday, the 19th, Howard plays Orviston on the local grounds. Let everybody turn out and root for the home team.

Howard is to have a big Independence celebration on Saturday, July 3d. Preparations are being made for an old-fashioned celebration and all indications are that it will be a big success in every particular. There will be a grand street parade at one o'clock, with a splendid display of fireworks and a festival in the evening. Three bands will be here for the occasion—Our Boys Band of Milesburg with forty pieces, the celebrated Mill Hall band with thirty pieces, and the Howard band with forty pieces. In the evening the three bands will give a massed concert. There will be two fine baseball games between the Howard and Woolrich teams. The first will be at 10 o'clock in the morning and the other at 2.30 o'clock.

Woodward.

J. B. Gentzel and wife from Spring Mills, spent the Sabbath at the home of J. H. Bowersox.

After spending a month with her porents, Mrs. Roy Musser and baby, Oliver, returned to their home in Akron, Ohio, Monday.

Mrs. A. D. Mingle and two little girls Phyllis and Violet, from Dunlo, are spending the week with friends in town

Mrs. James Weaver spent Monday with her daughter, Mrs. Moyer, at Coburn.

The P. O. S. of A. attended a convention held at Millmont on Saturday.

Cloyd Fiedler and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Runkle spent last Saturday in Hartleton.

Mrs. R. M. Wolf and daughter, Mrs. C. D. Motz, spent Saturday with friends in Laurelton.

Quite a number of people from this place are attending the Evangelistic services held in Millheim and are very much pleased with the same.

Mrs. F. D. Bowersox and Mrs. Clayton Sheesley were to Millheim on Monday to attend their uncle's funeral.

Perry Smith, wife and daughter, Leila, and Harris Stover, wife and daughter, May Belle, were to State College one day this week.

For Sale Cheap.

1 large refrigerator.
1 cream separator.
1 ice box.
2 sticking machines.
1 shingle jointer.
2 shingle bolting machines.
1 drag saw machine.
1 35-horse power engine.
1 automatic box board machine.
Lot of used machinery, shafting and pulleys.
Store counters and tables.
Would take lumber in exchange. Apply to

F. W. CRIDER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

FREE

WHILE THEY LAST

We have secured a small lot of the latest official

WAR MAPS

Two maps of Europe in colors, two topographical maps, seven war charts with complete facts and figures relating to the great

EUROPEAN WAR

We are giving these with each 25c purchase of goods controlled by us.

They won't last long—do your buying quick.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

A. THOMAS & CO.

CLARENCE PENNA.

Drilling Contractors

Well Drilling A Specialty

COAL AND CLAY PROSPECTING

Thoroughly experienced in all kinds of drilling. We understand the business in all its branches. Prepared at all times to give estimates on work. No job too small or too large for us. Reference furnished, based on contracts we have handled in Centre County.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address

A. THOMAS,
Clarence, Pa.

George Behrer Dead.

Following an illness which had extended over a period of three years, George Behrer passed away last Friday at noon at Pine Grove Mills. Though he had been in declining health he was able to be about and on Memorial Day he moved among his friends as usual. He was confined to his bed about three days, only, and while his death was not unexpected it occasioned sincere sorrow among a host of admiring friends. He was one of the best known men in the western part of the county and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all. He was a member of the Lutheran church from boyhood and was always actively identified with its work, serving at times as a Deacon, Trustee and member of the building committee. His life was that of a practical farmer and successful stock grower. He was a son of George and Susan Weller Behrer, pioneer settlers of Buffalo Run valley, where he was born March 20th, 1858. On May 14th, 1885, he married Miss Isabella A. McCormick. Surviving are the widow and a son, Harry J., of State College, a brother, Moses, of Buffalo Run, and two sisters, Mrs. James Farrel, of Tyrone, and Mrs. William Wiker, of Ohio. He was a member of State College Lodge, No. 1032, I. O. O. F.

Thomas B. Holahan Dead.

Thomas B. Holahan, a well known lawyer at Lancaster, died at his late residence at that place on Sunday morning, last, from Bright's disease. Funeral services were held at Lancaster yesterday. The deceased was born at Boalsburg June 24, 1844, the third son of Thomas and Sarah Antes Holahan. He received his early education in the Boalsburg public schools and later at the Boalsburg Academy. He read law with his brother, W. C. Holahan, at Renovo, being admitted to the Clinton County bar in 1874. The following year he removed to Lancaster where he was admitted to the bar and formed a partnership with the late E. K. Martin. Subsequently he was a partner in the law firm of Martin, Alexander and Holahan. He is survived by a widow and several children.

Death of Infant.

McDowell James, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton James, of Liberty Township, died Monday morning from asthma, aged 1 year and 10 months. Interment was made on Tuesday.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR SALE—Team of mules, William Burnside, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa..

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY—Hagley's hand-dipped chocolate confectionery. Best 50c goods on market. Popular packages. Seal cards. Retailers make 30% profits. Whole supply to wholesale and retail dealers in Pennsylvania sold by J. S. Martin, Farrell, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are 7/8 pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Manger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

WANTED—A man over 30 years old with plenty of "pep" to cover 33 towns in that section. Steady work during the next ten months and good wages. Write at once and get started next week. GLEN BROS., Wholesale Dept., Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE—The Mrs. Jonas G. Stine property, near Waddle. Six room house a good summer house, good stable, all necessary out-buildings, good fruit of all kinds and good running water, one acre of ground in good condition. Located one and one-half miles East of Waddle station. For particulars apply to Mrs. Jonas G. Stine, Stormstown, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

—and I'll Be Laid Up Several Weeks Longer

WHY, a brick fell from the third floor of a new building and connected with my head. In a hospital for a long time with a cracked skull, fever, delirious, and heaven knows what all.

But every month, regular as clockwork, along came a check for $200 from the ÆTNA. You see, my ÆTNA ACCIDENT POLICY calls for $50 weekly while totally disabled, $25 a week while partly out of commission, and also surgeon's fees or hospital bills. Makes it hard for me, eh? Man, I'm an optimist of the purest ray serene.

What did the policy cost? If I told you how little, you'd say I'm still raving. Come up tonight and I'll tell you. So long!

ÆTNA-IZE

—the word that put the "sure" in insurance—means absolute protection for you and the family in sickness, accident or death. Write, come personally, or telephone.

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

KEEP YOUR PEEPERS ON THE

Farmers Supply Store

Don't You Know That We Are Selling

No. 3 New Idea Manure Spreaders at $115.00 and the No. 4 at $120.00, guaranteed.

Champion 5 foot Draw Cut Mowers, with two knives, at $40.00 none better.

10-foot Automatic Hay Rake at $22.00. Hay rope, blocks, harpoons and track at prices that will astonish you. We carry a

Full Line of Tillage Machinery

and you know all about the high merits of the Brookville Wagon, second to none and fully guaranteed at prices that you are paying for No. 3 quality wagons. We can do this because we don't keep up automobiles, horses and rigs to come out to take up your time, for we eat at our own table and sleep in our own bed and can give you the benefit of our traveling expense.

Binder Twine at 9 3/8 9½c per pound

Thanks for past favors, and if we have done the right thing with you we ask a share of your patronage.

John G. Dubbs

Bellefonte - - - Pa.

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. Enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to save this pretty girl and himself from death.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE

THE SERPENT SIGN.

Rescued by Kennedy at last from the terrible incubus of Bennett's persecution in his double life of lawyer and master criminal, Elaine had, for the first time in many weeks, a feeling of security.

Now that the strain was off, however, she felt that she needed rest and a chance to recover herself, and it had occurred to her that a few quiet days with "Aunt" Tabitha, who had been her nurse when she was a little girl, would do her a world of good.

She had sent for Aunt Tabby, yet the fascination of the experiences through which she had just gone still hung over her. She could not resist thinking and reading about them as she sat one morning with the faithful Rusty in the conservatory of the Dodge house.

I had told the story at length in the Star, and the heading over it had caught her eye.

It read:

THE CLUTCHING HAND DEAD.

Double Life Exposed by Craig Kennedy.

Perry Bennett, the Famous Young Lawyer, Takes Poison — Kennedy Now on Trail of Master Criminal's Hidden Millions.

As Elaine glanced down the column Jennings announced that Aunt Tabby, as she loved to call her old friend, had arrived and was now in the library with Aunt Josephine.

With an exclamation of delight Elaine dropped the paper and, followed by Rusty, almost ran into the library.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," half-laughed Elaine, as she literally flung herself into her nurse's arms. "I feel so unstrung—and I thought that if I could just run off for a few days with you and Joshua in the country, where no one would know, it might make me feel better. You have always been so good to me. Marie! Are my things packed? Very well; then get my wraps."

Her maid left the room.

"Bless your soul," mothered Aunt Tabby, stroking her soft, golden hair. "I'm always glad to have you in that fine house you bought me. And, faith, Miss Elaine, the house is a splendid place to rest in, but I don't know what's the matter with it lately. Joshua says it's haunts."

"Haunts?" repeated Elaine in amused surprise. "Why, what do you mean?"

Marie entered with the wraps before Aunt Tabby could reply, and Jennings followed with the baggage.

"Nonsense," continued Elaine gayly, as she put on her coat and turned to bid Aunt Josephine good-bye.

Elaine went out, followed by Rusty and Jennings with the luggage.

"Now for a long ride in the good fresh air," sighed Elaine, as she leaned back on the cushions of the Dodge limousine and patted Rusty, while the butler stowed away the bags.

The air certainly did, if anything, heighten the beauty of Elaine, and at last they arrived at Aunt Tabby's, tired and hungry.

The car stopped and Elaine, Aunt Tabby and the dog got out. There, waiting for them, was "Uncle" Joshua, as Elaine playfully called him, a former gardener of the Dodges, now a plain, honest countryman on whom the city was fast encroaching; a jolly old fellow, unharmed by the world.

Aunt Tabby's was an attractive, small house, not many miles from New York, yet not in the general line of suburban travel.

* * * * * * *

Kennedy and I had decided to bring Bennett's papers and documents over to the laboratory to examine them. We were now engaged in going over the great mass of material which he had collected in the hope of finding some clue to the stolen millions which he must have amassed as a result of his villainy. The table was stacked high.

A knock at the door told us that the expressman had arrived and a moment later he entered, delivering a heavy box. Kennedy signed for it and started to unpack it.

I was hard at work when I came across a large manila envelope, carefully sealed, on which were written the figures "$7,000,000." Too excited even to exclaim, I tore the envelope open and examined the contents.

Inside was another envelope. I opened that. It contained merely a blank piece of paper!

With characteristic skill at covering his tracks Bennett had also covered his money.

"Huh!" I snorted to myself, "confound him."

I threw the paper into a wire basket on the desk and went on sorting the other stuff.

Kennedy had by this time finished unpacking the box and was examining a bottle which he had taken from it.

"Come here, Walter," he called at length. "Ever see anything like that?"

"I can't say," I confessed, getting up to go to him. "What is it?"

"Bring a piece of paper," he added.

I went back to the desk where I had been working and looked about hastily. My eye fell on the blank sheet of paper which I had taken from Bennett's envelope, and I picked it up from the basket.

"Here's one," I said, handing it to him. "What are you doing?"

Kennedy did not answer directly, but began to treat the paper with the liquid from the bottle. Then he lighted a Bunsen burner and thrust the paper into the flame. The paper did not burn!

"A new system of fireproofing," laughed Craig, enjoying my astonishment.

He continued to hold the paper in the flame. Still it did not burn.

"See," he went on, withdrawing it and starting to explain the properties of the new fireproofer.

He had scarcely begun when he stopped in surprise. He had happened to glance at the paper again, bent over to examine it more intently and was now looking at it in surprise.

I looked also. There, clearly discernible on the paper, was a small part of what looked like an architect's drawing of a fireplace.

Craig looked up at me, nonplused. "Where did you say you got that?" he asked.

"It was a blank piece of paper among Bennett's effects," I returned, as mystified as he.

Kennedy said nothing, but thrust the paper back again into the flame. Slowly the heat of the burner seemed to bring out the complete drawing of the fireplace.

We looked at it, even more mystified. "What is it, do you suppose?" I queried.

"I think," he replied slowly, "that it was drawn with sympathetic ink. The heat of the burner brought it out into sight."

What about it?

* * * * * * *

Elaine had gone to bed that night at Aunt Tabby's in the room which her old nurse had fixed up especially for her.

Downstairs, in the living room, Rusty also was asleep, his nose between his paws.

The living room was in keeping with everything at Aunt Tabby's, plain, neat, homelike. On one side was a large fireplace that gave to it an air of hospitality.

Suddenly Rusty woke up, his ears pointed at this fireplace. He stood a moment listening, then, with a bark of alarm he sped swiftly from the living room up the stairs at a bound until he came to Elaine's room.

Elaine felt his cold nose at her hand and stirred, then awoke.

"What is it, Rusty?" she asked, mindful of the former days when Rusty gave warning of the Clutching Hand and his emissaries.

Rusty wagged his tail. Something was wrong.

Elaine followed him down to the living room. She went over and lighted the electric lamp on the table, then turned to Rusty.

"Well, Rusty?" she repeated, almost as if he was human.

She had no need to repeat the question. Rusty was looking straight at the fireplace.

Elaine listened. Sure enough, she heard strange noises. Was that Aunt Tabby's "Haunt?" Whatever it was it sounded as if it came up from the very depths of the earth.

She continued to listen in wonder, then ran to Aunt Tabby's bedroom door, on the first floor, and knocked.

Aunt Tabby woke up and shook Joshua.

"Aunt Tabby! Aunt Tabby!" called Elaine.

"Yes, my dear," answered the old nurse, now fully awake and straightening her cap. "Joshua!"

Together the old couple came out into the living room, still in their nightclothes, Joshua yawning sleepily.

Around and around the room they walked, still trying to locate the strange sounds.

Finally Joshua went to a table drawer and opened it. He took out a huge, murderous-looking revolver.

"Here, Miss Elaine," he urged pressing it on her, "take this—keep it near you!"

The noises ceased at length, as strangely as they had begun.

Half an hour later they had all gone back to bed and were asleep. But Elaine's sleep now was fitful, a constant procession of faces flitting before her closed eyes.

Suddenly she woke with a start and stared into the semi-darkness. Was that face real, or a dream face? Was it the hideous helmeted face that had dragged her down into the sewer once? That man was dead. Who was this?

She gazed at the bedroom window, holding the huge revolver tightly. There, vague in the night light, appeared a figure. Surely that was no dream face of the oxygen helmet. Besides, it was not the same helmet.

She sat bold upright and fired point-blank at the window, shivering the glass. A second later she had leaped from the bed, switched on the lights and was running to the sill.

Downstairs Aunt Tabby and Uncle Joshua had heard the shot. Joshua was now wide awake.

"Wh-what was it?" he asked, puffing at the exertion of running upstairs.

"I saw—a face—at the window—with some kind of thing over it!" gasped Elaine. "It was like one I saw once before."

Uncle Joshua did not wait to hear any more. He ran out of the room and into the garden beneath Elaine's window.

He looked about for signs of an intruder. There was not a sound.

He happened to look down at the ground. Before him was a small box. He picked it up. "Here's something, though," he said.

Joshua went back to the house.

"What's in it?" asked Elaine as he rejoined the woman.

She took the curious little box and unfastened the cover. As she opened it she drew back. There in the box was a little ivory figure of a man, all hunched up and shrunken, a hideous figure.

* * * * * * *

It was the afternoon following the day of our strange discovery of the fireplace done in sympathetic ink on the apparently blank sheet of paper in Bennett's effects, when the speaking tube sounded and I answered it.

"Why—it's Elaine," I exclaimed.

Kennedy's face showed the keenest pleasure at the unexpected visit. "Tell her to come right up," he said quickly.

I opened the door for her.

"Why—Elaine—I'm awfully glad to see you," he greeted, "but I thought you were rusticating."

"I was, but, Craig, it seems to me that wherever I go something happens," she returned. "You know, Aunt Tabby said there were haunts. I thought it was an old woman's fear—but last night I heard the strangest noises out there, and I thought I saw a face at the window—a face in a helmet. And when Joshua went out, this is what he found on the ground under my window."

She handed Kennedy a box, a peculiar affair which she touched gingerly, and only with signs of the greatest aversion.

Kennedy opened it. There in the bottom of the box was a curious little ivory devil-god. He looked at it curiously a moment.

"Let me see," he ruminated, still regarding the sign. "The house you bought for Aunt Tabby once belonged to Bennett, didn't it?"

Elaine nodded her head. "Yes, but I don't see what that can have to do with it," she agreed, adding with a shudder. "Bennett is dead."

Kennedy had taken a piece of paper from the desk where he had put it away carefully. "Have you ever seen anything that looks like this?" he asked, handing her the paper.

Elaine looked at the plan carefully, as Kennedy and I scanned her face. She glanced up, her expression showing plainly the wonder she felt.

"Why, yes," she answered. "That looks like Aunt Tabby's fireplace in the living room."

Kennedy said nothing for a moment. Then he seized his hat and coat.

"If you don't mind," he said, "we'll go back there with you."

* * * * * * *

Wu Fang, the Chinese master mind, had arrived in New York.

Besides Wu, the inscrutable Long Sin, astute though he was, was a mere pigmy—his slave, his advance agent, as it were.

New York did not know of the arrival of Wu Fang, the mysterious, yet. But down in the secret recesses of Chinatown, in the ways that are devious and dark, the oriental crooks knew and trembled.

Thus it happened that Long Sin was not permitted to enjoy even the foretaste of Bennett's spoils which he had forced from him after his weird transformation into his real self, the Clutching Hand, when the Chinaman had given him the poisoned draft that had put him into his long sleep.

He had obtained the paper showing where the treasure amassed by the Clutching Hand was hidden, but Wu Fang, his master, had come.

The night following his arrival, Wu Fang was reclining on a divan, when his servant announced that Long Sin was at the door.

"Have you brought the map with you?" asked Wu.

Long Sin bowed low again, and drew from under his coat the paper which he had obtained from Bennett. For a moment the two, master and slave in guile, bent over, closely studying it.

At one point of the map Long Sin's bony finger paused over a note which Bennett had made:

"Beware of poisoned gas upon opening compartment."

"And you think you can trace it out?" asked Wu.

"Without a doubt," bowed Long Sin.

He went over to a bag near by, which he had already sent up by another servant, and opened it. Inside was an oxygen helmet. He replaced it, after showing it to Wu.

"With the aid of the science of the white devil," purred Long Sin subtly.

Outside, Wu had already ordered a car to wait, and together the two drove off rapidly. Into the country they sped, until at last they came to a lonely turn in a lonely road.

Long Sin alighted and disappeared.

Elaine Points Her Huge Revolver at the Helmeted Face Which Appears at the Window.

With a parting word of instruction from Wu, who remained in the car, The Chinaman carried with him the heavy bag with the oxygen helmet.

Long Sin hurried down the road until he came to a trolley pole, then he looked hastily at his watch. It was twenty minutes at least before the next car would pass.

Quickly, almost monkeylike, he climbed up the pole, carrying with him the end of a wire which he had taken from the bag.

Having thrown this over the feed wire, he slid quickly to the ground again, then, carrying the other end of the wire in his rubber-gloved hand through the underbrush until he came to a passageway in the rough and uncleared hillside—a small opening formed by the rocks.

It was dark inside, but he did not hesitate to enter, carrying the wire and the bag with him.

* * * * * * * *

It was nightfall before we arrived with Elaine at Aunt Tabby's.

Kennedy lost no time in examining the fireplace.

At one point in the drawing a peculiar protuberance was marked. Kennedy was evidently hunting for that. He found it at last and pressed the sort of lever. A small section at the side of the fireplace opened up, disclosing an iron ladder, leading down into one of those characteristic hiding places in which the Clutching Hand used to delight.

"Let's go down and explore it," I suggested, taking a step toward the ladder.

Kennedy reached out and pulled me back. Then without a word he pressed the little lever and the door closed.

"I think we'd better wait a while, Walter," he declared. "I would rather hear Aunt Tabby's haunts myself."

We were sitting about the room when suddenly the most weird and uncanny rappings began to be heard.

We listened a moment, then Kennedy walked over to the fireplace. "You can explore it with me now, Walter," he said quietly, touching the lever and opening the panel which disclosed the ladder.

Together, Craig and I descended into the darkness about eight or ten feet. There we found a passageway, excavated through the earth and rock, along which we crept. It was crooked and uneven, and we stumbled, but kept going slowly ahead.

Kennedy, who was a few feet in front of me, stopped suddenly and I almost fell over him.

"What is it?" I whispered.

* * * * * * * *

Long Sin had made his way from the opening of the cave to the point on the plan which was marked by a cross, and there he had set up his electric drill which was connected to the trolley wire. He was working furiously to take advantage of the fifteen minutes or so before the next car would pass.

It was evident that Long Sin had already been at work, digging and drilling through the earth and rock. He had gone so far now that he had disclosed what looked like the face of a small safe set directly into the rock.

As he worked he would stop from time to time and consult the map. Then he would take up drilling again.

He had now come to the point on which Bennett had written his warning. Quickly he opened the bag and took the oxygen helmet, which he adjusted carefully over his head. Then he set to work with redoubled energy.

The man must have heard us approaching down the tunnel, for he paused in his work and the noise of the drill ceased.

From our vantage point around the bend in the passageway we could see this strange and uncouth figure.

"Who is it, do you think?" I whispered, crouching back against the wall for fear that he might look even around a corner or through the earth and discover us.

As I spoke my hand loosened a piece of rock that jutted out and before I knew it there was a crash.

"Confound it, Walter," exclaimed Kennedy.

Down the passageway the figure was now thoroughly on the alert, staring with his goggle-like eyes into the blackness in our direction. He was watched, and he did not hesitate a minute to act.

He seized the bag and picked his way quickly through the passage as if thoroughly familiar with every turn of the walls and roughness of the floor.

Kennedy dashed forward and I followed close after him.

We were making much better time than our strange visitor and were gaining on him rapidly.

Suddenly he turned, raised his arm and dashed something to the earth, much as a child explodes a toy torpedo. I fully expected that it was a bomb; but, as a moment later, I found that Kennedy and I were still unharmed, I knew that it must be some other product of this devilish genius.

"A Chinese smoke bomb!" sputtered and coughed Kennedy, as he retreated a minute, then with renewed vigor endeavored to penetrate the dense and opaque fumes.

We managed to go ahead still, but the intruder had exploded one after another of his peculiar bombs, always keeping ahead of the smoke which he created, and we found that under its cover he had made good his escape.

At the other end of the passageway, up in the living room of the cottage, the draft had carried large quantities of the smoke.

Long Sin, meanwhile, had started to work his way through the bushes to reach the waiting car, with Wu, then paused and listened. Hearing no sound, he replaced the helmet, which he had taken off.

Pursuit was now useless for us. With revolvers drawn, we crept back along the passageway until we came again to the chamber itself. There, on the floor, lay a bag of tools, opened, as though somebody had been working with them.

"Caught red-handed!" exclaimed Kennedy with great satisfaction.

He looked at the tools a minute and then at the electric drill, and finally an idea seemed to strike him. He took up a drill and advanced toward the safe. Then he turned on the current and applied the drill.

The drill was of the very latest design and it went quickly through the steel. But beyond that there was another thin steel partition. This Kennedy tackled next.

The drill went through and he withdrew it.

Instantly the most penetrating and nauseous odor seemed to pervade everything. Kennedy cried out. We staggered back, overcome by the escaping gas, and fell to the ground.

Long Sin with his oxygen helmet on again, had returned to the passageway and was now stealthily creeping back.

He came to the chamber and there discovered us lying on the ground overcome. He bent down and, to his great satisfaction, saw that we were really unconscious.

Quickly he moved over to the safe and pried open the last thin steel plate.

Inside was a small box. He picked it up and tried to open it, but it was locked.

He paused for a moment to look at us, then took out a piece of paper and a pencil and on the paper wrote: "Thanks for your trouble."

Beneath it was signed by his special stamp—the serpent's head, mouth open and fangs showing.

Long Sin looked at us a moment, then a subtle smile seemed to spread over his face. At last he had us in his power.

He drew a long, wicked-looking Chinese knife and carefully tested its edge. It was keen.

* * * * * * * *

In the sitting room Elaine, Aunt Tabby and Joshua had been listening intently at the fireplace, but hearing nothing.

They were now getting decidedly worried. Finally the fumes which we had released made their way to the room.

"I can't stand it any longer," cried Elaine. "I'm going down there to see what has become of them."

Aunt Tabby and Joshua tried to stop her, but she broke away from them and went down the ladder. Rusty leaped down after her.

Joshua tried to follow, but Aunt Tabby held him back. He would have gone, too, if she had not managed to strike the spring and shut the door, closing up the passageway.

Joshua got angry then. "You are making a coward of me," he cried, beating on the panel with the butt of his gun and struggling to open it.

Elaine was now making her way as rapidly as she could through the tunnel, with Rusty beside her.

It was just as Long Sin had raised his knife that the sound of footsteps alarmed him.

He paused and leaped to his feet.

There was no time for either to retreat. He started toward Elaine and seized her roughly.

Back and forth over the rocky floor they struggled. As they fought, she with frantic strength, he craftily, he backed her slowly up against the prop that upheld the roof.

He raised his keen knife.

She recoiled. The prop, none too strong, suddenly gave way under her weight.

The whole roof of the chamber fell with a crash, earth and stone overwhelming Elaine and her assailant.

By this time Joshua had left the house and had gone out into the garden to get something to pry open the fireplace door.

Of a sudden, to his utter amazement, a few feet from him, it seemed as if the very earth sank in his garden, leaving a yawning chasm.

He looked, unable to make it out.

Before his very eyes a strange figure, the figure of Long Sin in his oxygen helmet, appeared, struggling up, as if by magic, from the very earth, shaking the debris off himself, as a dog would shake off the water after a plunge in a pond.

Long Sin was gone in a moment.

Then again the earth began to move. A paw appeared, then a sharp black nose, and a moment later Rusty, too, dug himself out.

Joshua had run into the house to get a spade, when Rusty, like a shot, bolted for the house, took the window at a leap and, all covered with earth, landed before Joshua and Aunt Tabby.

"See!—he went down there—now he's here!" cried Aunt Tabby, pointing at the fireplace, then looking at the window.

Rusty was running back and forth from Joshua to the window.

"Follow him!" cried Aunt Tabby.

Rusty led the way back again to the garden, to the cave-in.

"Elaine!" gasped Aunt Tabby.

By this time Joshua was digging furiously.

Aunt Tabby rushed up as Joshua laid down the spade and lifted out Elaine.

They were about to carry her into the house, when she cried weakly, but with all her remaining strength:

"No—no—— Dig! Craig—Walter!" she managed to gasp.

Rusty, too, was still at it. Joshua fell to again. Man and dog worked with a will.

"There they are!" cried Elaine, as all three pulled us out, unconscious but still alive.

Though we did not know it, they carried us into the house, While Elaine and Aunt Tabby bustled about to get something to revive us.

At last I opened my eyes and saw the motherly Aunt Tabby bending over me. Craig was already revived, weak, but ready now to do anything Elaine ordered, as she held his hand and stroked his forehead softly.

Meanwhile Long Sin had made his way to the automobile, where his master, Wu, waited impatiently.

"Did you get it?" asked Wu eagerly.

Long Sin showed him the box.

"Hurry, master!" he cried breathlessly, leaping into the car and struggling to take off the helmet as they drove away. "They may be here—at any moment."

The machine was off like a shot, and even if we had been free, we could not now have caught it.

Back in Wu's sumptuous apartment, later, Wu and his slave, Long Sin, after their hurried ride, dismissed all the servants and placed the little box on the table. Wu rose and locked the door.

Then, together, they took a sharp instrument and tried to pry off the lid of the box.

The lid flew off. They gazed in eagerly.

Inside was a smaller box, which Wu seized and opened.

There, on the plush cushion, lay merely a round knobbed ring!

Was this the end of their great expectations? Were Bennett's millions merely mythical?

The two stared at each other in chagrin.

Wu was the first to speak.

"Where there should have been seven million dollars," he muttered to himself, "why is there only a mystic ring?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The King's Scapegoat

An Account of a Duel Fought In the Sixteenth Century.

By F. A. MITCHEL

[This story is more than a story. It is a historical account of a duel that occurred 400 years ago and a fine illustration of the difference between the method of settling affairs of honor among men in the olden time and the beginning of the nineteenth century, when mortal combat to settle difficulties between individuals may be said to have received its quietus in the new world in the death of Alexander Hamilton at the hands of Aaron Burr.]

"How comes it, Guichot, that you are able to make so brave a show with the revenues which you have, for I know that they are not excessive?"

The question was asked of Guy Chabot Sieur de Jarnac by the dauphin, who afterward became Henry II., king of France.

Jarnac, embarrassed at such a question, was unfortunate in the choice of words used in his reply. He said that his stepmother kept him, giving him everything he required. Henry deliberately misconstrued the statement and reported to members of the court that Jarnac had boasted of a love affair with his stepmother.

Horrified, indignant at such an accusation, the young man publicly declared that whoever had made the assertion was "a malicious villain and had wickedly lied." Then, hastening to his father's chateau, he threw himself at his feet and protested that he was innocent of the charge. Having convinced his father, he returned to court intent upon avenging the injury done him.

The dauphin found himself in a very unpleasant position. When princes err there must be a scapegoat. Francis Vivowne, Sieur de Chatagnerie, a courtier in favor both with King Francis and the dauphin, a young warrior of great prowess, though a friend of Jarnac, seeing that he would confer a great favor on the future king by doing so, took up the quarrel in his behalf, declaring that it was to him and him alone that Jarnac had made his boast.

Duels at this time were a part of the feudal tradition and law of France, requiring the consent of the king. Francis referred the matter to the privy council, which after a long debate recommended that permission to fight be refused. But no sooner had the king died and the dauphin ascended the throne than Chatagnerie addressed a letter to the new king, repeating his accusation, whereupon Jarnac made a request that the duel be permitted to take place. The king consented, and arrangements for the contest were forthwith made.

Chatagnerie was twenty-six years old, while his adversary was thirty-six. The former was also of great strength and very ready with his sword. He was continually boasting of his feats of arms and ever ready to pick a quarrel. In short, he was just the man to vindicate his royal master in his contemptible charge.

At that time the same rule of the code, that the challenged party should have the choice of arms, existed as it has since. Jarnac had accused his adversary of a lie and had been challenged; therefore he was permitted to fight in any way he pleased. Upon the advice of his fencing master he demanded the heavy armor and long double edged swords in vogue a century before. The reason for this was that his opponent had been wounded in battle in the right arm and had never regained perfect use of it, and the heavy iron gauntlet and sword would naturally hamper the movements of this arm. Chatagnerie's great strength gave him an advantage in closing with his enemy, downing him and stabbing him while prostrate. The armor in this case would be to his disadvantage. Jarnac also stipulated for heavy shields, which would be an advantage to the weaker party, who would naturally be on the defensive.

Chatagnerie seemed to have no fear whatever of making an easy conquest of his adversary. As he was accustomed to boast of the deeds he had performed, he now boasted of the deed he was about to perform. He ordered a banquet to be served in his tent on the field, to which he invited the court to celebrate his victory.

Naturally the affair was the sensation of the day. The courtiers were largely on the side of the king's scapegoat, and Henry did not deny that his own sympathies were with Chatagnerie. The provincial nobility, of whom the Jarnac family were members, regarded Jarnac as the defender of their honor and looked upon him as their champion. One of the powerful Guise family was to act as second for the royal scapegoat, and the Duke de Vendome of a rival family to the Guises asked the king's permission to act for Jarnac. He was refused and, disgusted at the king's favoritism, withdrew, followed by the other princes of the blood. The constable of France then filled the position.

The king having announced his intention to preside at the encounter, the constable made arrangements in accordance with the dignity of the occasion. The field having been selected, a space for the combat was marked out and suitable accommodations provided for the king, court and nobility, the king and his tribune in the center, the tribune being the constable and marshals of France, who were the judges.

The day of the duel was a beautiful morning in midsummer. Crowds from Paris began early to pour forth toward the battleground. The archers of the guard took the place of modern policemen in keeping the crowd from breaking through the barrier and invading the field of battle. The king arrived, attended by his sister, princes of the blood and many nobles. A singular feature was an executioner and his assistants, who were intended to take charge of the corpse of the vanquished, in case he was killed, for hanging on a gibbet.

As soon as the king was seated the herald advanced and proclaimed the combat, asserting that no one should interfere with either of the combatants on peril of his life. Chatagnerie left his tent, accompanied by some 500 of his friends. Jarnac next appeared, escorted by the grand equerry and 120 gentlemen wearing his colors. The shields of the combatants were hung on either side of the king. Then came the ceremony of the presentation of the arms, which was principally a testing of the weapons. This having been accomplished, there was another long proclamation from the herald, and the combatants having paraded around the field, preceded by their arms, after a religious ceremony in which each affirmed his cause to be a just one, they were conducted to their stations, and the herald, advancing, shouted, "Laissez aller les bons combatants," which means in plain American, "Let 'em go!"

Such is a condensation of the preliminaries to a duel in high life during the middle of the sixteenth century. The fight was by no means commensurate with the preparation, for it was decided quickly. The duelists advanced. Jarnac slowly, protecting himself with his shield; Chatagnerie rapidly and full of confidence. As soon as they met the latter sprang upon his opponent, aiming a crushing blow at his head. Jarnac, instead of warding off the blow with his sword, as was to be expected, received it on his shield and, ducking, made a thrust for his opponent's legs. He struck Chatagnerie in the hollow of the knee. Before the latter could recover himself Jarnac repeated the thrust at the same point and cut the tendons, giving a new phrase to dueling—the coup de Jarnac, which in those days was not a foul, but perfectly legitimate. Chatagnerie staggered, dropped his sword and fell, the blood flowing from his wound.

A cry of amazement greeted this conquest of the champion swordsman of France within a few seconds by one who had no especial reputation as a man at arms.

By the code of that day three courses were open to the victor—he might kill his opponent and hand his body over to the executioner to be hanged; he might spare his life after exacting a restoration of his honor by the vanquished confessing himself to be in error, or he might surrender him to the king. Jarnac called upon his enemy to restore him his honor. Chatagnerie's reply was an attempt to rise, but it failed. Jarnac, then advancing to the king, said:

"Sire, I entreat you to esteem me a man of honor. I give you Chatagnerie's life. It is our youth alone which is the cause of this trouble. Let no imputation rest either on his family or upon him on account of his offense, for I surrender him to you."

But the king, not realizing that his scapegoat was unable to continue the fight, made no answer. Jarnac raised his eyes to heaven. "[illegible] I am not worthy, for it is not [illegible] but to thee, that I owe the victory," then, returning to Chatagnerie, he begged him to surrender. But the scapegoat, raising himself on one knee and regaining his lost sword, endeavored to strike. Jarnac stepped back, saying, "Do not move or I will kill you." "Kill me," replied the vanquished man and fell back exhausted from loss of blood.

Again Jarnac went to the king and implored him to give him the victory, a victory which condemned the king himself, but Henry refused. Jarnac, expecting that his former friend would bleed to death, cried: "Sire, he is dying. For the love of heaven, accept his life at my hands!" Henry, refusing to pronounce his own condemnation, still refused till the constable joined his entreaties to those of Jarnac. Then Henry, seeing that the sympathies of the assembly were against him, said to Jarnac, "You have done your duty, and your honor should be restored to you." And he ordered that Chatagnerie be removed. Jarnac had the right to be escorted from the field by his followers to the sound of martial music, but he declined the honor. When he refused the king, having had time to curb his disappointment, called him to the tribune and, as the victor was about to kneel to him, embraced him, saying that he had fought like Caesar and spoken like Aristotle.

Never was there such multiplicity of preparation for so brief a contest, never a more flagrant case of a man guilty of a contemptible act accepting the defense of another and being judge of the issue, withholding the verdict until forced by opinion to pronounce it.

At the conclusion of the tournament the brilliant assembly broke up, and, the king leading the way, all returned to Paris.

Jarnac's victory fell no less heavily on the king than on his defender. Chatagnerie felt his fall so keenly that he refused to live after it. The surgeons bound his knee with bandages, but he tore them off. Again they put them on, and again the miserable man tore them off, repeating the act till at last he bled to death.

THE MARKING OF BILLS.

One of the Secret Service Methods Is the Use of Pin Holes.

In their surveillance and apprehension of suspected persons government secret service officers often find it necessary to "mark the money" handled by such persons. There are various methods of so marking the national currency, one of the most novel of which is the pinprick.

The note to be marked is, say, the five dollar silver certificate bearing the vignette of an Indian chief in his full regalia of feathers and trappings and presenting a full face view. With the aid of a pin the secret service man makes two punctures in the bill directly in the pupils of the Indian's eyes. To the casual and sometimes even critical inspector of the note these pinpricks are invisible. If raised to the light, however, the bill will distinctly reveal them.

The markings are complicated by the following process: The pin point is applied in the twist of the large figure 5 at the two upper corners of the note. These tiny twists do not appear in the "necks" of the two figures 5 that are at both ends of the bottom of the note. The note is now pierced again, this time in the ends of the scrolls on each side of the word five in the lower center of the bill. The marking is now complete. In secret it is exhibited to one or more persons for purposes of identification and is then placed in the till or money drawer to which the suspected person has access.

It is said that the pinpricks will remain perfect for some time. When such bills are produced in court and their marking is explained under oath conviction is practically certain.—Every Week.

MELODY DEAFNESS.

To Those Who Are Afflicted With It Music Is Simply Noise.

Every one has heard of color blindness, but few people are aware that there is such a malady as tune deafness. It prevents those affected from appreciating music, which to the melody deaf is nothing but noise.

The most intelligent people often suffer in this way. Empress Catherine of Russia used to declare that for her music was a nerve trying din, and Napoleon I. hated any form of melody. Victor Hugo had to be coaxed by the composer who put his famous lines to music. "Are not my verses," he used to say, "sufficiently harmonious to stand without the assistance of disagreeable noises?"

Doctors say that the power to appreciate music depends upon a perfect combination of the nerves and brain. Some people's nerves readily carry musical sounds to the mind, while in others nerves impede their passage to the brain cells.

Good musicians are more often born than made. Nature has provided them with nerves which instinctively carry musical chords to the brain. That is why a good musician can memorize a tune after hearing it played over once. Every note has been clearly recorded in his brain.

Those with less sensitive musical nerves receive a dull impression of any music they may hear, and thus they are unable to remember it unless it is drummed into their brain by repeated playing.—Pearson's Weekly.

Ingenious Air Bombs.

Bombs thrown from the air are usually exploded by contact. With the Martin Hale bomb, designed specially to be dropped from aeroplanes, there is a 'safety pin" which renders the bomb harmless until it has been withdrawn and until a fall of about 200 feet through the air has caused the propeller to rotate and release the firing mechanism. All destructive explosives cause damage by the actual shock of the explosion—that is, by the disturbance in the air created by the expansion of the contents of the shell, by the fragments of the shell or the bullets which it contains flying in all directions, by the fumes which may be given off on explosion and which may have a stupefying or fatal effect on people in the vicinity and by the falling of bricks and mortar displaced by the bombs.—London Mail.

English as She Is Spoke.

The professor who in his address on the correct pronunciation of English said he preferred "of'n" to "often" is on the winning side. No "pronouncing dictionary" with a reputation to lose ever sounds the "t" in the middle of such words as Christmas, mistletoe, ostler, often or chestnut. Good actors, whose duty it is to speak "trippingly on the tongue," can cite authority to support their pronunciation of han'kerchief and We'n'sday. And no one who knows his way about in the elocutionary field pays any regard to the spelling of such words as "extraordinary."—London Chronicle.

Early Closing Scheme.

She—Papa says that when coming to see me you must not come in a street car any more. He—Really! Does he expect me to walk all this distance? She—Of course not. He says all he asks is that you will come in a carriage hired by the hour.—New York Weekly.

Engineering Triumph.

"Why are you studying that dachshund so intently?"

"I consider him an architectural triumph of Mother Nature's," explained the bridge builder. "See how nicely the stress is calculated to the span."—Judge.

Our past lives build the present, which must mold the lives to be.—Sir Edwin Arnold.

Some Burned Letters.

Sir Walter Scott once made an itinerary of the borders, in the course of which he wrote a lawyer friend in Edinburgh a close and realistic account of everything he heard and observed, every quaint location and droll custom. But the stupid heirs of the recipient of these priceless epistles consigned them to the flames and thus rendered what would have been a charming book impossible.

An Old Indian Drum.

The Sioux Indians formerly had a conjurer's drum, which they called wakanchanchagha. It was used on religious and ceremonial occasions, had two heads frequently decorated with crude pictures of animals, and was beaten with great vigor for the purpose of appeasing the wrath of their offended deities or of contributing to the recovery of the sick.

Africa.

Africa is the most elevated of all the continents. It is the "continent of plateaus." The great tableland in the south has a mean altitude of over 3,500 feet. The wide tableland on the north has an average elevation of about 1,300 feet.

Impossible.

"Can't you play tennis without making all that noise?"

"Why, how can you expect us to play it without raising a racket?"—Baltimore American.

Kills Pesky Bed Bugs P. D. Q.

A 25c. box of P. D. Q. makes a full quart of the strongest bug killer on earth.

The new chemical, P. D. Q. Pesky Devil's Quietus — puts the everlasting to bed-bugs, roaches, ants and fleas. Pesky bed-bugs can't exist where P. D. Q. is used, as it leaves a coating on their eggs and prevents hatching.

A box of P. D. Q. goes farther than a barrel of old-fashion bug killer. P. D. Q. will not rot or stain clothing, kills fleas on dogs. Sold by Druggists, or mailed upon receipt of 25c. by the O. C. Company, Terre Haute, Ind.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

How to Treat a Rifle Wound.

In the case of a wound from a rifle bullet don't go probing for the bullet, but remove from the surface of the wound all shreds of clothing and other matter which the bullet may have carried into the flesh. This must be removed very thoroughly, and a sterilized knife or scissors should be used freely to open the wound and get it clean. When this is done treat the wound with your iodine or bichloride solution. Then dress it with gauze and bandage.

In the case of wounds from small shot the wound should be washed with a solution of alum, and then pieces of gauze or clean cloth wrung out of hot water should be applied every couple of hours.—Outing.

Loaf Bread In England.

It is perhaps worth recalling that the art of baking loaves of bread was introduced into Europe quite late in history. Flat cakes were baked even in the earliest times, but as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century loaf bread was comparatively unknown in many parts of the continent. In 1812, for instance, when an English captain ordered loaves to the value of $5 in Gothenburg the baker stipulated for payment in advance on the ground that he would never be able to sell them in the city if they were left on his hands.—London Spectator.

Canny Scot!

"I say, Sandy, mon," said Jock, handing back his friend's photograph, "when ye had those photos taken, why didna ye smile?"

"And those pictures costing me $2 a dozen!" replied Sandy. "Are ye crazy, mon?"—Woman's Home Companion.

Which?

Bacon—Ever notice how long a woman is in coming to the point? Egbert—Do you mean when she's telling a story or sharpening a lead pencil?—Yonkers Statesman.

Man, if you are anything, walk alone and talk to others. Do not hide yourself in the chorus.—Epictetus.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year.

The Federal Reserve Banks.

The Federal Reserve system will not make a good bank out of a bad one, but it gives added strength to every well managed institution.

We are still receiving subscriptions in aid of the helpless sufferers in Europe.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, Penna.

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THAT WE SELL

LUMBER

Of all kinds for building Houses, Barns, Fences Porches, Pavements. Also

RED CEDAR SHINGLES

— AND —

PAROID ROOFING

The best Roofing we know of, also

Neponset Wall Board

in various colors to imitate real wood; it needs no paint. We have for sale cheap, a lot of used machinery, Engines, shop soiled Sash Doors, Moulding etc.

Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

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Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

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Practice in all the courts, and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.

Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th. 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.13
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.28
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumr ne	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.38	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv	Pine Grove Mill	7.35	.....	f 3.30
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.36
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.58
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 4.06

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven a nd Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Don't suffer longer with

RHEUMATISM

No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARKS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARKS" has been doing this successfully for the past 43 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

George Sunday is driving a nobby new runabout.

Charles Scott was an arrival home Tuesday night from Princeton.

Miss Margaret Cooney returned home from Lock Haven on Tuesday.

Blaine Mabus and little son, Richard, visited over Sunday in Lewisburg.

Mrs. R. A. Beck and children spent several days last week in Hanover.

Miss Katherine Love returned home last Friday from Wellesley College.

John Tonner Harris, of Harrisburg, spent Sunday here with his mother, Mrs. Henry P. Harris.

Miss Rebecca Jacobs, of Philadelphia, is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. F. W. Crider.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Garman spent several days recently with friends in Altoona.

Mrs. Larson, of State College, visited in town yesterday with Miss Mary Cooney.

Miss Elizabeth Rosenhoover has gone to Philadelphia where she will visit for a short time.

Miss Grace Cook departed on Tuesday for Buffalo, N. Y., where she is visiting with friends.

Mrs. George Bible, of Philadelphia, is visiting here with her daughter and Mr. R. Russell Blair.

David Barlett, Jr., was removed to the Bellefonte hospital on Monday, suffering from typhoid fever.

Mrs. George Kerstetter, of Harrisburg, spent Sunday here at the home of her sister, Mrs. H. C. Yeager.

The Misses Delinda and Sara Benner were arrivals home from Atlantic City on Saturday of last week.

Miss Sara Shuey returned home last Saturday from Hazelton, at which place she teaches in one of the schools.

Mrs. John Swan returned to Bellefonte on Monday from Williamsport, where she had been in attendance at a wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Yeager departed last Saturday for Atlantic City. Mr. Yeager returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Broderick and daughter, of State College, spent the forepart of the week at the Thad Hamilton home.

Mrs. James K. Barnhart and children were arrivals home Tuesday night from Punxsutawney where they had been visiting for several weeks.

Mrs. Charles Brachbill and son, William, departed last Saturday for Belleville, Mifflin County, to remain with relatives for several weeks.

Miss Emma Waite, one of the efficient operators of The Bell Telephone Co., departed on Monday for Pittsburgh to visit for a time with friends.

Mrs. LeRoy Plumb and child, of Newton, Kansas, were arrivals here on Wednesday to visit for a time with her mother, Mrs. James Fox, on East Bishop Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook were arrivals home Tuesday night from Rutherford, N. J., where they had been visiting for some time with their daughter and Mr. John Hinman Gibson.

T. S. Strawn and daughter, with Miss McGrath and C. A. Wolfson, of New Kensington, motored to Bellefonte last Sunday and were entertained at the Brockerhoff House.

George T. Bush has taken the agency for the famous Gates Tours and is ready to book any person to any place in the U. S. but more especially to the Panama Exposition. Personally conducted tours all expense included are a speciality. A line or a word to him will get you all the information.

Dan Clemson, one of the right-hand young men at Green's drug store, has been in Williamsport this week attending the commencement exercises of Dickinson Seminary. His sister, Miss Sara Clemson, was one of the graduates. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Clemson, of Stormstown.

Harry Dunlap this week resigned his position as a borough policeman to accept a place as a guard at the new penitentiary. The latter position pays a higher salary than he formerly received. Elmer Yerger is serving temporarily as a policeman. The vacancy will be filled permanently likely at the next meeting of borough Council.

James C. Furst and John Curtin and the latter's young son, John Jr., yesterday went into camp along Fishing Creek, planning to remain two weeks. They will be joined there on Saturday by Dr. James Harrar, of New York, Mr. Furst's brother-in-law, and on Monday by William Chamberlin, of Milton, the brother of Mrs. Caroline C. Furst.

Word received from Edward Shields, who has been in France since last November in charge of a crew of twenty men setting up and keeping in trim the ship load of automobiles he took over with him for the French government, says he expects to return about August. He has seen many harrowing scenes along the firing line in France and he says he keeps away from it as much as possible. He has to report for himself and crew every day to the American consul in Paris and is kept very busy all the time.

Miss Alice Wilson departed for Atlantic City on Monday.

A suffragist garden party was held yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Robert Mills Beach.

Robert D. Musser, of near Spring Mills, greeted his numerous friends in town on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Sloane returned yesterday to her home in Connellsville, after having visited for ten days with Mrs. Woodcock.

Mrs. John I. Olewine and son, Harris, departed on Monday for California. Harris is a recent graduate of Penn State.

Mrs. Sydney Rice departed today for her home in Harrisburg, after visiting for the past month at the W. R. Brachbill home.

Miss Geraldine Noonan and Miss Margaret Noonan departed last Saturday for Williamsport where they are visiting with relatives.

Mrs. Harold Raymond Smith, of Ogden, Utah, is expected to arrive here tomorrow to visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Ray.

Mrs. John M. Shugert and little daughter, Mollie, and Mrs. J. Mac Curtin went to Philadelphia on Tuesday to remain for a few days.

The Harmonic Club has disbanded for the summer, the last meeting for the present being held on Monday night at the home of Miss Fitzgerald.

West Bishop Street has been greatly improved in the last few days. The street has been covered with crushed limestone and thoroughly rolled.

Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes, who had been visiting here for a time with her sister Mrs. James A. Beaver, returned yesterday to her home in Atlantic City.

Miss Helen Shipman departed on Monday for her home in Williamsport, after visiting for a time here as the guest of the Misses Mary and Katherine Wian.

The Misses Roxie and Helen Mingle entertained one evening recently for Miss Edith Stauffer, of Chambersburg, who is the guest of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Schmidt.

Miss Margaret Ella Stewart will arrive home tonight from her school in New Jersey and will spend the summer with her grand-mother, Mrs. Patsy Stewart, on West Linn Street.

The Academy baseball team lost the second game to the Chinese University of Hawaii last Thursday afternoon, 8—5. Leasure pitched a fine game for the Academy until his arm played out, having the visiting team guessing and easily keeping them down. With the change of pitchers, however, the visitors took the lead and retained it.

Mrs. Ball, of Washington, D. C., gave a very interesting talk on "Old Glory" at the Court House on Tuesday evening. The audience while not large was appreciative and those present were well repaid. Mrs. Ball is a woman who has traveled extensively and has a fund of interesting information which she tells in a most entertaining manner. For a number of years she was engaged in active newspaper work at Washington, a part of which time was devoted to reporting the daily proceedings of Congress.

Haupt and Brown wish to announce that during Old Home Weeek they will pay the carfare of any visitor, from any place in the state of Pennsylvania, who is interested in the future of our town to the extent of buying a lot on their Half-moon Terrace plot. Included in this offer is the original proposition of easy payments, liberal cash discounts and protective plan as follows: After one-half of purchase price is paid a clear deed will be given the heirs in case of death of original purchaser. So attend Old Home Week at their expense. Headquarters Scenic Theatre and J. K. Johnston's law office.

RIDDLED WITH SHOT

Foreigner Waylaid and Fourteen Bullets Pumped into His Legs.

George Totachee, a foreigner, was waylaid at Shuttleton, between Snow Shoe and Clarence, some time last Saturday night, and murderously assulted by two men who thus far have not been captured. Fourteen buckshot were pumped into Totachee's legs. He was removed to the Bellefonte hospital where his condition today showed improvement. It is believed he will recover.

The shooting apparently was not for the purpose of robbery. The authorities believe it was committed for revenge, Totachee supposedly having offended his assailants in regard to labor organization matters.

COBLE GETS 6 MONTHS

Former Pleasant Gap Postmaster is Serving Time in Jail Here.

George Coble, the Pleasant Gap Postmaster who skipped out after embezzling about $600 of the government's money, and who was subsequently arrested, on Monday plead guilty to the charge in the United States Court at Williamsport. Judge Witmer sentenced Coble to six months in the Centre County jail. He was brought to the jail here on Tuesday.

Coble's light sentence resulted from his entering a plea of guilty and also from the belief of the government officials that he was not really bad at heart.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 in advance.

News and Views of Women.

BY JULIA CATHERINE GRAY

Miss Emma MacAlarney of New York City, a graduate of Wellesley, who is aiding in the Pennsylvania Votes for Women campaign, addressed an audience of fifty or more in the State College High School auditorium last week. Although the voters did not turn out well, the meeting was full of interest.

In the course of what Miss MacAlarney termed "a rambling talk", she stated that one-half the area of these United States is now equal suffrage territory, so that suffrage for women is no longer a theory but a practical thing. Miss Minnie Bronson, the anti who lectured in Bellefonte a few weeks ago would probably be pleased to remind us that that area is in a section of the country which is largely inhabited by cattle. This does not weaken the fact, however, if we will remember that all our reforms and improvements and moves for greater freedom have come from the pioneers minority. It was the pioneer spirit—as exhibited by the little Mayflower group, who set sail upon an unknown sea—which populated and made great this whole continent. In spite of the anti. statement, that "women do not want to vote," there are four million women in that area who use the vote. One man has stated that if only one woman wanted the vote she ought to have it.

On Saturday, Mrs. Beach and Miss MacAlarney held a conference of suffrage readers in the towns surrounding the county seat at the Bellefonte High School. Several State College suffrage officers were present. The reports showed good work done.

Miss MacAlarney explained some of the half truths and whole fabrications now being handed out by the antis to the country papers. This material is known as "boiler plate," as it is sent out by the associated press. The points she took up were as follows:

A great deal has been said about the fact that California did not go dry as soon as women got the vote. The latter did put 1500 saloons out of business. The law was too drastic to begin with, and if it had been passed, the whole state would have been plunged into bankruptcy. The impatient ones must not forget that Rome was not built in a day. Wine-making is a great industry in California.

There is a mother's pension act in Penna., but it is inoperative, owing to the fact that the law requires each county to appropriate the same sum appropriated by the State legislature for the purpose. Thus far, only three counties have responded.

Colorado has the joint guardianship law. Pennsylvania permits the father to appoint a guardian for his child—even his unborn child—without its mother's consent.

Let us ask and answer three questions: Do you believe in Democracy? We Americans say we do.

What is Democracy? Government by the people.

Are women people? What's the answer?

A TRUE STORY.

A prominent New York lawyer and his wealthy Milwaukee friend were taking dinner together in New York City. The friend was a brewer controlling a business valued at $16,000,000

Said New York to Milwaukee, "How's business?"

Replied Milwaukee, "Well, business is pretty good, but we are getting the business of our competitors; do you know, New York, I will give any business just ten years to go to the wall."

"What!" said New York. "A sixteen million dollar business to go to the wall in ten years? What do you mean, Milwaukee? What's the trouble?"

Replied Milwaukee, "Its that confounded woman suffrage." The New York lawyer said "That made me think." He is now a suffragist.

MRS. J. P. COBURN DEAD

Passed Away Last Friday After Illness of One Week from Heart Disease.

Mrs. Jennie Elizabeth Coburn, widow of the late Colonel James P. Coburn, died at the home of her sister, Mrs. R. Evelyn Rogers, in Bellefonte, last Friday evening about 6 o'clock. Her death was due to heart disease and followed an illness of one week. The news of her passing away occasioned the deepest sorrow among her many friends. She was a most estimable woman and by all who were privileged to know her intimately she was held in affectionate esteem.

The deceased was born seventy-nine years ago at Nittany Hall, the daughter of Thomas Huston. There survive the one sister and three brothers: Mrs. Rogers, of Bellefonte, J. H. Huston, of Clintondale, and Frank and Thomas Huston, residing in the West.

Funeral services were held on Monday morning from the Rogers home on North Allegheny Street, Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes officiating. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

May James Dead.

May, the 16 years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John James, died at her late home on Marsh Creek Sunday morning from tuberculosis of the glands of the neck. Funeral services were held from the Romola church on Tuesday.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Jas. Markle, et ux, to Robert S. Prichard, tract in State College Boro. $600.

David L. Kerr, et ux, to Ezra H. Auman, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $2,000.

Mary Hess to Arthur Holderman, tract in Potter Twp.; $275.

Andrew Lytle, et ux, to Arthur Holderman, tract in College Twp.; $140.

Andrew Lytle, et ux, to Arthur Holderman, tract in College Twp.; $140.

Andrew Lytle, et ux to Arthur Holderman, tract in College Twp.; $145.

J. B. Irish, et al, Attys.-in-fact, to James F. Stott, tract in Rush Twp.; $30.

Alice J. Seibert, et bar, to Catherine Stott, tract in Philipsburg Boro.; $510.

John Matulevich, et ux, to Kate Boulton, tract in Rush Twp.; $1.

Phebe E. W. Potter, et al, to Sarah Ann Weibly, three tracts in Harris Twp.; $2,000.

Thomas Kane, et al, to Margaret Kane Montgomery, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $120.

Henry C. Quigley, et ux, to Abraham Weber, tract in Howard Boro.; $1.

Heuben D. Bierly, et ux, to William F. Bierly, tract in Miles Twp., $70.

Mercantile and Realty Co., to J. A. Swope, et al, tract in Rush Twp.; $4,000.

Kate Boulton to Agnes Matulevich, tract in Rush Twp.; $1.

Lavina Stine, et bar, to H. A. Garner, two tracts in Benner Twp.; $1,000.

Jesse T. Leathers, et ux, to Steinberg Brothers, tract in Spring Twp.; $325.

Wanted.

Man and wife with small boy wish to work together on farm. Will consider managing a farm on modern lines for widower, old couple, or others. Wife a good cook and housekeeper, husband an experienced, safe, and energetic farmer. Object, to get capital with which to start independent farming on a small scale. For information, address

PROF. LOUIS W. RAPEER,
702 W. College Ave.,
State College, Pa.

DRESSMAKERS' FRIEND

Bias, Band and Box Plait Folder

No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by

G. S. CLEMENTS

Bellefonte, Pa. Shop Bishop Street

Price per set of 5 folders—$1 00

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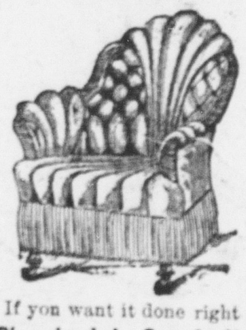

If you want it done right

Chamberlain Can do it.

If Chamberlain does it it will be done right.

F. W. Chamberlain

MILESBURG PA

Bell Phone, 86-J.

"Put it Over"—Telephone!

"Since I've got the habit of keeping in constant touch with the men on the road, by Bell Telephone, our sales have jumped up nearly *twenty per cent.*

"A word to some nearly landed customer here, a quick price on some special lot to a waiting salesman there, and general encouragement all along the line.

"The salesmen like it too—gives 'em confidence and it certainly gets results as the old method of jumping around in the old fashioned way never did.

"The costs are very low."

Clothes for Good Service

In these days of uncertainty when we are never sure of the woolen supply, a man wants clothes that will give good service as well as clothes that are smart and fashionable.

ADLER-ROCHESTER clothes are always properly designed, are always scientifically tailored and are always made from the best materials obtainable—hence, they are long service clothes.

All the newest patterns and style features are included in our Summer assortment.

Montgomery & Co.